We have already paid over 400 Zeppelin Claims. *See Coupon on Page iii, Cover.*

JOHN BULL

Vol. XX. No. 535 SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1916. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A 114510
For meaning of this number see page 19.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to herself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

If you are Weak, nervous or run-down—

feel irritable and depressed; cannot sleep at night, appetite poor, and nerves seem all on edge—you should at once commence taking a readily assimilable form of phosphate, for your condition indicates nerve starvation.

The most suitable form of phosphate to use in such cases is the pure

Bitro-Phosphate

which most chemists now stock in convenient 5-grain compressed tablets.

Take one of these tablets either during or immediately after every meal and you will soon note a wonderful improvement in your condition.

Your nerves will become steady and strong; appetite will improve; you will gain in weight; sleep well and wake up bright and refreshed. Nervousness will soon be a thing of the past, and you will become well, strong and vigorous once more.

Bitro-Phosphate has done all this and more for thousands of men and women who were weak and ill. Get a supply from your chemist to-day and just see what it will do for you.

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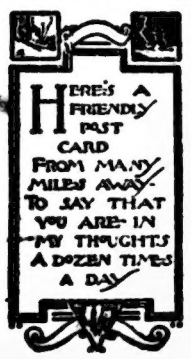

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ON EASY TERMS.

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 19.

JOHN BULL

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XX. No. 535. Week ending Saturday, September 2nd, 1916. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Roumania's Entry.

Now what do *you* think of the pessimists and their prophecy of a long war? What *we* think is indicated in our article, "The War *Cannot* Last Long."

The Big Push.

And look out for a bigger one in the West. The chemicals are read an l the winds should now be propitious. Germany will soon learn we have chemists as well as she l

---

The Opportunity.

Have you thought of what a fine opportunity the preparation—whatever be its character—of the New Register affords to disfranchise every voter of alien birth, by just leaving his name off? Now then, Mr. Long.

An Idea.

And has it occurred to you that these submarine trips to America *may* be with the object of discovering a means of spiriting the Kaiser away from Germany when the reaction amongst his deluded people breaks out?

How Not to Do It.

In 1915 Major-General Shaw was transferred from Aden, where he was General Officer Commanding, because the Government of India were "dissatisfied with his discharge of the responsible duties." But only to be appointed G.O.C. at Karachi—a post from which he has now been removed "in consequence of his share in the responsibility for that lamentable (train) disaster." *And* his next post?

An Apt Illustration.

The total wealth of the United Kingdom is estimated at 15,000 millions. And the total cost of the war to date is just about that figure. "Wherefore," the economic theorist would say, "if the total cost of the war had been borne by the United Kingdom alone, the whole of its capital would now have been entirely exhausted." Well, we have found about 5,000 millions. And yet *are* we that amount poorer?

"Wanted: A Sub-Title."

Whatever induced us to invite suggestions for a short sub-title for our journal? We have now received about a hundred thousand—some of them exceedingly smart. Here are a few specimens:—"The Power Behind the Government"—"The Paper that Woke Up England"—"The Wrong-Righter"—"Britain's Sentinel"—and so on *ad lib.* But do you know the one we like best of all? Here it is—"The Paper that Needs no Sub-title"!

How Long, Mr. Asquith?

Those traitor princes still sully the roll of British peers. Yet the Prime Minister promised more than a month ago to "advise the King" to remove them.

A New Tax.

"What about a tax on *sham* jewellery?" asks a reader—adding "of all the superfluous things human folly wastes its money upon, this is about the most useless." Well, what about it?

More Trouble.

If the present friction with the Admiralty continues, the Air Board may go the way of the Air Committee, and Lord Curzon follow the course taken by Lord Derby and Lord Montagu—resign.

"Watch Russia!"

You remember our advice, when in the opinion of an eminent "statesman," Russia was a spent force and had made her contribution to the war. Now read the wonderful article by the Duke de Morny on another page.

The Kaiser's Bust.

May we very respectfully ask what has become of that bust of the Kaiser, in Prussian uniform—eagle on helmet—which he presented to Queen Victoria as a Jubilee present? Perhaps the Keeper of Windsor Castle will inquire.

Rats!

No, we are not referring to those German ships; but to an epidemic which has broken out at Bristol—"a bubonic plague, which may be due to a rat which had been deliberately infected with the germs of this disease, presumably by an enemy agent." Commenting on this medical opinion, the *South Wales Echo* says that such a device of the Hun was predicted "by one of our leading statesmen six months ago." Won't Mr. Hales feel proud!

More Leakage.

Scene: Eastcliffe, Folkestone. *Date:* Thursday, August 10th. *Time:* About 8.30 p.m. *Characters present:* 1 civilian, 2 women, 1 quayman or railway seaman. They are looking towards the end of the jetty, where a small naval boat is moored. The quayman speaks: "Lloyd George is going over to France on that boat later on." Very soon afterwards a train arrives and the boat sheers off in due course. *Sequel:* Mr. Lloyd George is recorded to have been in Paris on the Saturday. *Moral:* It is impossible to keep a secret when everybody knows all the details.

Zeppelins! Don't wait till too late. Sign free coupon on page iii of cover.

Wasted Warriors.

By degrees our demand for the use of our coloured warriors is catching on. The latest convert is Commander Wedgwood, M.P., who pleads for the abolition of so-called "colour bar," and calls for troops from the Zulus, Basutos, Griquas, Matabele, Yao, Angoni, Wanyamwesi, Nandi, Lumbwa, Kavirondo, Buganda, Sudanese, Yoruba, Benin, Haussa, Ashanti, Maori, Malay, and Cape Boys. What a lively lot of black devils to let loose on the Huns! Let 'em all come!

Our Indian Troops.

By the way, it is suggested to us that the great Memorial Enclosure at Cawnpore—covering the wells in which were thrown the bodies of massacred Europeans, and which is closed to all natives—should now be thrown open to them, as a mark of our gratitude for their help in the war.

The Farmer.

It looks like mismanagement on the part of some Tribunal when a Yorkshire paper announces, in its advertisement columns, the sale by auction of his entire farm stock, dead and alive, by a man "compelled to give up his holding, he having to join the Army." Horses, cattle, pigs, farm and dairy implements—the entire stock-in-trade of a farmer—goes to the hammer at a moment when farm produce is of such manifold importance. We had thought farmers were to be kept on the land!

"Lest We Forget."

Elsewhere we deal with the proposed formation of a "Lest-We-Forget League," in reference to which, as there stated, we have been inundated with correspondence. Some of the letters are especially interesting. For instance, one reader, after giving us a list of about a score of things which we must not forget (mostly connected with the relations between the Protestant and Catholic Churches), ends up thus: "And not least—that the Kaiser is our brother, the same as the Pharisee and Publican." Well, we don't so much mind the two last-mentioned gentlemen, but if the Butcher of Berlin really *is* in any way related to us—well, we must have a *Let-Us-Forget* League!

An Irish Protest.

Another reader, writing from Dublin, wants us to honour the memory of the Sinn Feiners, and protests against our commendation of the Government for not reprieving Roger Casement. But we are afraid we must put both of them in that other League—trying to forget the misguided men who sacrificed their lives for what they regarded as a just cause, and the dastardly traitor who, in our Empire's hour of need, endeavoured to suborn her sons.

Do You Notice——

How all the papers are gradually coming round to the Business Government idea? Here is the *Daily Telegraph*, in its leading article on "Politics After the War," telling us that it finds nothing but "weariness and vexation of spirit in the jangling of politicians and the changing fortunes of the Party game"; that the effective handling of realities, the satisfaction of urgent public needs, is weakened and hindered by the incessant play of self-seeking personalities and petty stratagems"; and, finally, that in future "the nation must call to its councils men of other types than those thrown up by the play of Party politics." Bravo, Lord Burnham!

And Then?

We are quoting from Lord Derby's speech at a meeting of the Lancashire Division of the National Unionist Association: "When the war ends, the country is not going to be represented by old political Parties, fighting against each other. Out of them must come one central party of Business mind." Bravo, Lord Derby!

Butting In!

So Alfred Butt has decided to contest Walworth at the next election—in opposition to the dreary Dawes. We have long known him as an ardent and robust politician; and with his wonderful energy and enterprise the odds are 33 to 1 bar Butt.

Name!

According to the *Southend Standard*, a local resident, whilst being canvassed by a War Savings missionary, noticed a splendid Rolls-Royce car coming along the road with the daughter of a well-known politician inside, driven by a young man apparently in his twenties and an A.S.C. uniform. Now who could the lady have been?

George Robey and the "M.L."

They *won't* leave him alone! We recently quoted a letter sent to him from a moneylender, evidently under the impression that he is still a struggling comedian. And now he sends us another epistle—this time from a Mr. A. Levy, of Cambridge Circus—telling him: "If at any time I can arrange a loan for you, let me know. *Kindly note this is not for* John Bull, *but is confidential.*" That's how we came to get it!

Our Advice.

And here is a letter received by us from the Manager of the John Bull Bank: "Amongst our depositors is a man named Heinrich Brehm, of 15, William Road, Wimbledon. He has apparently been fighting with the German Army and has been captured, as he writes from the Prisoners' of War Camp at Oldcastle, and from the enclosed notice you will observe that he wishes to withdraw his money. What do you advise?" We suggest spending the money in a parcel of comforts and sending it to—*Ruhleben!*

The Irony of It.

It is a queer arrangement, ruling as so many beauty spots, that prevents an artist from drawing a tree or a rock, and forbids a father to snapshot his kiddies paddling, and yet permits the sale, at any shop or kiosk, of colour photographs and picture postcards giving every important view in the locality, including coast, pier, harbour, quay, castle, fort, and barracks. And the Briton, buying these informative things at a penny a time, usually finds they are "Printed in Germany"!

The Young Idea.

The young idea is beginning to shoot. This is from Andrew J. Low, a scholar of the Newport Higher Grade School: "The Headmaster was teaching our class history, and after telling us Uncle Sam represented America, he asked us who stood for Great Britain. A scholar replied 'John Bull.' The master, trying to catch us, then asked, 'Who is John Bull?' and another scholar in the class shouted, 'Horatio Bottomley!'" If that boy had said "Herr von Philip Snowdenstein" or "Herr George Bernard von Pshaw," he would certainly have been painfully inaccurate.

Fashions in Foolery.

Extravagance in dress is fostered by the big department stores, because when ladies make fools of themselves those shopkeepers reap the profit. It is not often, however, that they openly announce the absurdity of the goods they sell, but Harrod's practically do so when they offer, in large letters, "Fashion's Latest Fad." It is a silk wristlet, displaying a regimental crest in diamonds and enamel, and the war-time price for this new essay of foolery is £6. Good taste would forbid such new-fangled bedizenment, but probably some women will be vain enough to wear the things, throwing money away upon that which is plainly called a "fad" by the man who sells it.

Put a "John Bull" Pen in your next parcel to "Tommy" or "Jack."

"Missing."

Do you know that when a man is court-martialled and shot for neglect of duty at the front, he is, as a rule, included in the list of the "missing"? Wouldn't "killed" or "died of wounds" be more appropriate?

The Blockade.

Why is the Foreign Office—and not the Navy—responsible for the blockade of enemy ports? But since it is, will Viscount Grey tell us the figures of the Dutch imports of tobacco for the first half of the present year, as compared with those of the corresponding period of 1915?

A Penzance Piffler.

Thus the Rev. Walter Owen at a Free Church United Intercession Service in Penzance: "What victories we might have won if we had not been for centuries the most drunken nation in the world!" What truth there might be in the world if it were not for liars like the Rev. Walter Owen!

Hope.

Old Age Pensioners may now live in hope, even if they die in despair, for "the Government are satisfied, after careful inquiry, that there are cases of hardship which call for relief, and for which provision must be made." This is another illustration of the fact that Ministers never do anything unless they are jockeyed into it.

Slump in Iron Crosses.

One of the horrors of the situation in Germhuny is that, in consequence of the lack of material, the manufacture of Iron Crosses has considerably slackened. It does not appear that there is any lack of pig-iron, but "supplies of silver are not equal to the demand." The Kaiser will now have to consider what's to be done. The manufacturers cannot make iron crosses from lumps of meat because there is no meat, and are unable to carve them out of potatoes because potatoes are as scarce as meat. May we suggest an amalgam of wood and putty?

A Navy Day.

On one or two occasions we have referred to suggestions for a Flag Day for the Navy, remarking that nobody was more deserving than Jack. Mr. Harold Smith, M.P., has quoted us in a speech, observing that "JOHN BULL has evidently not heard of Warrington, which had shown the way." As a matter of fact Warrington's lead followed our suggestion, so we could not write of what had not occurred. We are happy now to note that the go-ahead town has held a Garden Party for the Navy, and a cheque for £1,766 18s. has been sent to Admiral Jellicoe for the boys in blue. London should not hesitate to follow so excellent an example.

Highland Jinks.

We recently quoted the *Highland Times* to the effect that the country was suffering from "too much Bottomley and Hughes"—and we endeavoured to comfort our brother with the reminder that "Hughes has gone"—and he has taken the mild retort in very good part. That, however, by the way; but the little incident has found us a fine local champion in a lady poet—Delicia Chisholm. May we give you just one verse?

Who is the man who dashes o'er
Steep rapids with prov king skill—
Yet who, in looking on before,
Is calm and optimistic still?
Hats off to him! The p or man's friend,
His wrath and blunt good-nature blend;
The mask he wears is fine as tulle—
JOHN BULL!

And our hat off to you, dear madam.

A Reminder.

Don't forget Sept. 7th—the date of publication of volume two of "JOHN BULL'S Diary of the War," bringing events down to Aug. 4th last. Order early, price 1s.; there is sure to be a big rush for it.

The Kitchener Mystery.

When will the Admiralty publish a full report of the Inquiry into the loss of the *Hampshire*, and let us see the exact evidence upon which it arrived at the conclusion that the disaster was the work of an enemy mine?

Two "Biscuits."

We have ceased awarding "Biscuits"—our "Printer's Pie" having to a large extent superseded this old feature of our journal. We were sorely tempted to reinstate it, however, when the other day we observed outside the Harrogate Kursaal a large poster announcing a lecture on Christian Science—face to face with another advertising "The Play of Moonshine"; and then we also saw a printed notice outside the Box Office, requesting the public to pay the Entertainment Tax in coppers, "so as to facilitate the giving of change." The manager of this popular establishment evidently adds a pretty wit to his other manifold accomplishments.

Mean Generosity.

The London and Provincial Bank, which paid a dividend of 19 per cent. and has just enjoyed six months of unexampled prosperity, has suddenly made up its joint-stock mind to be generous to its staff. Any married clerk not earning more than £200 a year may have a war bonus of 10 per cent. on his salary if he asks for it and supplies "particulars of income from all sources." So some of the hard-working clerks will soon be saying "Thank you for not much," and all the others will squat silent and get nothing. Some of the juniors receive as little as £30 per annum salary; they must whistle for even a beggarly 10 per cent. bonus of £3. Married men at the Front are specifically excluded from benefit, so it is quite apparent that the Bank's generosity is closely allied to meanness.

Khaki for Spies.

At Wallasey a publican of New Brighton and four of his customers were fined on a charge of treating. Five persons swore there was no treating; two constables swore there was—and the oaths of the twain were preferred to those of the quintette. Apart from the conflict of the evidence, a disagreeable feature of the case was that one constable was dressed as an Army sergeant, while the other was in sailor's uniform. The first policeman complained in Court that a soldier who had been present in the bar "caused some excitement by saying, 'We put on khaki to fight Germans, not to go spying.'" Tommy Atkins has a habit of blurting out the plain truth, and he is right to protest when his uniform is used to mask a meanness.

When Jack is in Trouble.

"In the Hands of the Senoussi"—extracts from the diary of Captain Gwatkin-William, of the torpedoed *Tara*—is an extremely interesting book, giving in plain unvarnished language a graphic picture of the sufferings of our bluejackets during their captivity in the desert. To us not the least interesting portion of it is the following—the date mentioned being four days after their capture, when they were beginning to feel the pinch of hunger:—

> TUESDAY, 9TH NOVEMBER, 1915.—The men seem puzzled with the situation. They are mostly members of Trade Unions, and I now hear them talking solemnly about writing to JOHN BULL concerning their treatment. I picture the Grand Senoussi's alarm at finding what a hornet's nest he has stirred up in the British press!

We bow.

Ready September 7th. "John Bull's" Complete Diary of the 2nd year of the War. 1/- nett.

Father's Fine.

When a man has two sons in the Navy and eight mouths at home to feed, in addition to his own, one would expect no unnecessary hindrance to be imposed on him in war-time. At Connahs Quay they think differently. A fisherman there wanted his boy, 13 in October next, to help him during the two months' salmon-fishing. It was impossible to get other assistance, and the only alternative to keeping his son from school was to tie up his boat and starve his family. For exercising his common-sense and acting like a husband and a father he has had to pay a fine of 7s. 6d. !

Parson and Papers.

The Rev. G. K. MacBean, thinking to be thoughtful, is really thoughtless. He has been ministering to soldiers in hospital at Manchester, but has now evidently gone on holiday, for he writes to a Scottish newspaper:—"A number of your readers send me newspapers for Scottish soldiers in hospital. I would be glad if you would insert this note, that, as I shall be away from home during August, no papers should be sent till the end of the month." Probably the reverend gentleman has earned a holiday, but that is no reason why the gallant Scotsmen should be deprived of their home news. Many in Manchester would have been proud to distribute the papers for a month.

The Imperfect Lady.

Some "ladies" are born vulgarians. There was one perfect specimen, magnificently attired, sitting with her two daughters on a public bench in the Gardens at Bournemouth. They had spread themselves out to occupy more of the seat than was necessary, so it was quite a reasonable request when three young fellows in hospital blue politely asked them to make room. The response was an indignant departure, prefaced by the remark, "It is scandalous that every seat should be occupied by soldiers, who only sit down to pass remarks on people going by." Women of that kind should remember that a soldier, even when standing up, is capable of saying what he thinks. He only refrains because he is a gentleman.

A Conscientious "Object" Lesson.

This is what a Yorkshire reader tells us: "I was waiting for a train on the York platform, watching the entraining of a number of our gallant lads who were being transferred (mostly on stretchers) from the York Hospital to a convalescent home. They had the assistance of four or five persons, who were dressed in a uniform similar to a cadet—almost the same as the best uniform served out to members of the various Officers' Training Corps, but with one distinguishing mark—namely, a thick cord, the same colour as the cloth, on each shoulder. I had the curiosity to ask a sergeant standing by who they were, and was amused and disgusted to learn that they were 'conscientious objectors.' Many lads just joining up would most likely salute them, thinking they were officers." Now then, Lloyd George, get a move on.

The Busy Hun.

Yet another instance of our kindness to animals is to be recorded. Interned at Stratford is a gentleman of the Hun type who is permitted to spend his time in making lanyards for British soldiers. His wife calls once a week and usually carries away about 200 lanyards, price 4d. each, and guaranteed "London Make." His business is carried on with the full knowledge of the officers in charge of the camp. We are not, however, able to state that the man's materials are supplied to him free by the authorities. But we quite think they would be fools enough to provide them if he had the cheek to ask.

A Postcard Stunt.

"Buy a Penny Postcard and be Patriotic," is the printed cry of somebody calling himself the P.P. Agency, 27, East Parade, Leeds. An envelope containing the card is left at the door, and then a man calls for the money. It is evidently a paying game. The sum of "5s. weekly" is promised to be divided between "The Red Cross Fund and Soldiers' and Sailors' Fund," and we can imagine the P.P. Agency as well able to afford such a trumpery payment. As there is no check upon its receipts or payments, we hope readers in Leeds and elsewhere will discourage this "Agency's" enterprise.

To the Wrong Address.

A "Candid Communication" of ours, to Mr. Kynnersley, Chief of the Remount Depot, Leighton Hall, Shrewsbury, has been delivered at the wrong address, owing to the fact that a local journalist, reporting the proceedings at the Shrewsbury Tribunal, betrayed himself as unfamiliar with the topography of his own neighbourhood. The Chief of the Remount Depot at Shrewsbury is Mr. Charles H. Knill, and our remarks were never intended to apply to him. Mr. Kynnersley's Remount Depot is at Leighton, near the Iron Bridge, Shropshire, and he assures us, in reply to our letter, that 15 to 20 men have left him to join the Colours. Out of 70 men under him only about a dozen are eligible for foreign service, while "practically every one" has attested.

Taximan's Treatment.

An Edinburgh man has a fine record. He was in the Royal Artillery in 1879, he volunteered for the Boer War, and he became a driver in the A.S.C. during the present campaign. He is 55, and has a wife and eleven children. Having received his discharge, he drove a taxi in Edinburgh. One day his taxi broke down, and the firm docked half a day's pay. He protested that the mishap was the cab's fault, and that he had worked 18 hours on the previous day without extra payment. Being a man, he insisted on his rights: so the people paid him a full day's money—and dismissed him. We understand the firm employs a number of men of military age who have seen no service, so they are able to deal in a cavalier fashion with a member of their staff who deserves the best of treatment but has failed to receive it.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

PINSBURY PARK EMPIRE PROGRAMME (dental advertisement):—
"Teeth extracted WITH THE GREATEST PAINS."

"DAILY SKETCH":—
"Miss Burke, who was given away by MR. WALTER WINANS—A DREAM IN GREY—looked charming."

MR JOHN CATHCART WASON, M.P. (in letter to *Daily Record and Mail*):—
"To reproach the Scottish Secretary and the Scottish administration for not having created more small holdings under the Act is AS UNREASONABLE A CRITICISM AS COULD BE MADE. To reproach the Treasury for not having continued the grant to the Scottish Board of Agriculture under existing conditions is EVEN WORSE."

"DUBLIN EVENING MAIL" (advertisement):—
"Births: —— On the 7th August, at ——, SEC. LIEUT. K.O.S.B., of a son."

"BIRMINGHAM WEEKLY POST":—
"A Small Heath man possesses a REMARKABLE hen. . . . Last WEEK (sic) laid an egg on NINE consecutive days."

"DAILY MAIL":—
"Mr. C. E. Prior . . . telegraphs from Lausanne: One of the men to whom we had sent parcels was among the lucky ones going to be interned in Switzerland. We thought how splendid it would be to send out HIS WIFE to him. Talking it over with a few friends, they suggested SENDING MORE THAN ONE, and the funds subscribed enabled us to SELECT FOUR."

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To Lord Robert Cecil, K.C., Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

DEAR LORD ROBERT,—I gather from your statements in the House concerning Mr. Albert George Holzapfel, British Vice-Consul at Rotterdam, he was not selected for the position by either the Foreign Secretary or yourself. On one day you defended the appointment of this gentleman, whose father and uncle left England shortly after the outbreak of the war, as rather an excellent thing; on another, you announced that he had ceased to occupy the post, and that in future such appointments would not be made "until they had been considered and approved by the Foreign Secretary or the Parliamentary Secretary." If that principle is good for the future it ought to have been good for the past. As you well know, a Germhun held the post of British Consul-General in Berlin for years before the war, while the Germhun Consul at Newcastle was the uncle of this Mr. A. G. Holzapfel. The Consular service has always been one of the slackest and sloppiest features of our national organisation. It is true that Mr. A. G. Holzapfel is himself a British-born subject; but the fact that the Foreign Minister and you evidently knew nothing of his Germhun antecedents, connections, or interests, and did not take the trouble to inquire into them, is in startling contrast to the resounding solemnity of your doctrine that "the guarantee for the fitness of an individual for a post is not knowledge of his name, but of his personal character, qualities and record." While I do not say that all persons of foreign antecedents or connections ought to be debarred from the service of the State, I do say that no person of enemy antecedents ought to be in the service of the State. That is not only a matter of patriotic sentiment, it is a measure of national self-protection, and the Ministers who fail in applying that principle fail in their duty, as well as endanger the safety of the country they are supposed to govern. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Walter Runciman, M.P.

DEAR "BOARD OF TRADE,"—Now that you are back in harness again, there is no more urgent matter demanding your attention than the gross inflation of food prices which is fast making a decent life impossible for persons of modest means. Part of the increased cost is doubtless inevitable, but you ought not to be hindered from doing what you can by the fact that you cannot do as much as most of us would like. Such an attitude is illogical, unstatesmanlike and generally unsatisfactory; and I hope soon to learn that you have taken active steps to put an end to the shameless profit-grabbing that is undoubtedly rife in our midst.

JOHN BULL.

To Lord Montagu of Beaulieu.

DEAR LORD MONTAGU,—Not having had a reply from Lord Curzon to my recent note of inquiry, I have been compelled to look into matters for myself, and I have been a good deal impressed by some recent observations of yours, coming as they do with the weight of expert authority. In regard to aerial defence, you still complain of "lack of co-operation between Army and Navy authorities," while you are inclined to take more notice than the Air Board have yet done of the "strong public indignation that we do not hit back harder at the raiders." Your plan for retaliation seems to me quite feasible, and I more and more regret that the benefit of your practical counsel has been lost to the responsible authorities. JOHN BULL.

To E. D. Morel, Esq., Union of Democratic Control.

DEAR BABBLER,—Your recently published book, "Truth and the War" seems, paradoxically, to contain as many lies on the subject as could conveniently be packed into the available space. Most of them are too palpably absurd to require an answer; but your odious professions of "democracy" are susceptible of an easy test. There is not one of the Parliamentary members of your Union who dare face his constituents at a contested election. A pretty "democracy" indeed! JOHN BULL.

To Ex-Provost Thomson, Stirling Sheriff Court.

STERN JUDGE,—I am sadly afraid mercy eluded you in that case against two young women for obtaining board and lodging, value 34s., and for giving false names and addresses to the landladies. The offences were committed; the women admitted them "between bursts of tears." But one explained that she was a soldier's wife, with three children, and "she intended to pay the landladies when she received her separation allowance." The two poor creatures went into lodgings because they were afraid to go home after leaving their employment. Accepting their tale as true—and nothing was said to the contrary—I find reason for sympathy as well as cause for censure. I cannot agree with you that the offence was such "a serious one," and I am quite sure the sentence you imposed—seven days' imprisonment—was senselessly severe. There was a painful scene following your stern pronouncement, one of the women sobbing and calling out for "Mother!" as she left the court. Had you bowels of compassion those cries of a woman in her anguish would ring even yet in your ears.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. W. F. Lamplugh, Rector of Clayhanger, Devon.

DEAR PARSON,—You were at Tiverton fined 7s. 6d. (and your wife was mulct in a similar amount) for riding a bicycle by night without a red rear light. A little thing like that might happen to anybody, but you did not take it like a man—nor like a clergyman. You "supposed it was an instance where policemen, who may be corporeally large but mentally deficient, are trying to get cases." Big words break no bones, but you had no call to doubt a policeman's sanity because he spoke the truth about you. You went on to say you were not aware of the new regulation, and thought the police brought up "these cases to get credit or an extra stripe." An educated man should not sneer in that way, because it is the common gibe of every ne'er-do-well in the dock. And you were directly challenged about that regulation, being told that a constable had warned you of it in May last. You said, "He did not come to me——" but, when the Superintendent produced the man's notebook recording his visit, you were obliged to own "it was correct." I hope you may steer clear of Petty Sessions in future, for on the present occasion you, as a clergyman, did not shine. JOHN BULL.

To the Provost of Dundee, Scotland.

DEAR PROVOST,—As the natural protector of the fair fame of your town, will you make inquiries into a widely-published assertion of one Colonel John Adam Ferguson, Chairman of the Executive of the Royal Army Temperance Association? Writing from the Junior Carlton Club in London, he says:—"A minister of religion, now an acting Chaplain of the Forces, tells me that in Dundee it is quite a common thing to see girls of 12 or 13 drunk in the gutter. I verified this myself in Dundee." I am too familiar with the exaggerations and distortions of these pietistical pumpuritans to believe a statement of this kind merely because one of them makes it. On the contrary, I am inclined to disbelieve it for that reason. This one sounds like a lie. What do you think about it?

JOHN BULL.

To the Priest-in-Charge, St. Antony's, Forest Gate.

REV. SIR,—I am informed that on a recent Sunday there was read out in your church a notice of public masses for the repose of the soul of "Roger Casement, lately deceased." If this is the gentleman who was hanged by the neck until he was dead, and who left behind him a certain diary, I daresay he needs all the masses you can say for him. In that case, however, I should have thought that a church parade of the fact would be offensive to all loyal British Catholics, and, assuming you are not pro-Germhun or anti-British, that your own convictions as well as your sense of public decency would have been sufficient to induce you to suppress the theatrical publication in church of an odious and notorious name. If your congregation is loyal, you must have insulted and hurt them; if they are not, you must have gratified them—and thus, so far as I am concerned, an end. JOHN BULL.

A MESSAGE FROM RUSSIA.

"GIVE US MUNITIONS, AND WE WILL REACH THE GATES OF BERLIN."

BY THE DUKE DE MORNY.

I LANDED in England two days ago direct from Russia, where I have spent over a year. During that time I have been at the Court, I have met the Czar, the Grand Dukes, and the heads of the Government Departments. I have been far afield with the Russian armies; I have watched the transformation that has come over them and how they have gradually been reorganised and re-equipped after the great retreat of 1915; I have been amongst the peasants in the villages, and I have talked with the sturdy Cossacks from the Don and the Amur. I bring this message to England, as I shall take it to France. It is an appeal that comes from the united heart of a mighty people—in which the Czar himself and the humblest private join. It is addressed to the Munition Makers of England and France. "Send us more heavy guns, more rifles, more machine-guns and yet more ammunition. Do not stop for an hour. If necessary, keep more of your men out of the trenches and send them to the factories. We have men, countless millions, who are waiting and longing to march against the Huns. They cannot move until they are armed and equipped. You have the brains, the skill and the resources to make what we require. We will promise you to crush the common enemy and invade his soil if only you will send us what we want." This is no empty boast. It is the fixed, unalterable determination of a united people. Until you have been all over Russia, as I have been, you cannot realise the character of the Slav and his intense hatred of his natural oppressors, the Germans. The real strength and moral determination of Russia to-day come from below. They spring from the heart of the Russian peasant. He is working out a vast social revolution in the midst of this greatest of wars. He is struggling for freedom and enlightenment—not against his own Czar and Government, as many suppose here, but against the control of his country and his own immediate destinies by an alien race. It is this fact that has united so many different races within the Russian Empire against the common enemy. Germany never expected to find herself faced by a united Russia. The phenomenon has astounded the General Staff and has upset all their plans.

Pre-War German Control.

Before the war Russia was ruled by Germans. German influence surrounded the Czar; it percolated throughout every branch of the Government. It was the peasant who felt the iron hand of the Teuton oppressor. All the bailiffs of the estates were Germans. The directors, managers and sub-managers of all industries were German. The Russian peasant to-day regards the Hun as his natural oppressor, the man who has ground him down. Do you realise that on the declaration of war, with the consequent exit of Germans, the Russians were left like some immense Public School without its masters? This is the first attempt the Russians have made to run their Empire with their own brains. I have been asked since my arrival in England: "Is there no fear of internal troubles, or, possibly of a revolution?" How little you English understand the state of mind of this vast, mysterious people! You imagine that the mass of the people are struggling for freedom from Czardom. You have read too much about the Nihilists. They have disappeared to-day; they belong to the novels of the past. Any unrest that does exist is not directed against the Emperor, who is revered by the peasants; it is directed against certain foreign cliques around the Emperor, whom the people rightly hate and mistrust. The ideal of the Russian peasant is to be governed by pure-born Russians. They wish to see their Emperor and their Empire emerge from this holocaust like some Phœnix, freed from the ashes of Teutonic influence. The people are fighting so tenaciously and bravely to-day to emancipate themselves for ever from German influence from without and from within. As they are sweeping Galicia and Poland of their enemies, so also will they sweep clear their Court and their Government. I have, too, been frequently asked this very direct question: "Is there no danger of a pro-German party coming to the front and influencing the Czar to make a premature peace?" I say without hesitation: "If the Czar himself or any clique around him tried to stop the war until the full measure of revenge has been exacted, such a step would not be tolerated for a moment by the people and by the army. That alone could cause a revolution to-day."

Our Debt to the Czar.

Do you realise to-day in Western Europe what we owe to that great, lonely, mysterious, sombre figure, the Czar? Raised on a pedestal of tradition and reverence above all other earthly monarchs, he is the lord of a hundred million subjects. Yet he is surrounded by influences which come between him and his people. Think of the courage of this man in declaring war in the face of a divided Court, many of whom openly sympathised with the enemy. Think of his resoluteness after the disasters of 1915 in refusing favourable offers of peace, in breaking away from his Court and the German *coterie*, and in placing himself at the head of his armies. You must never judge Russia from Western standpoints. The Court, the Government and the people are entirely different. They are Oriental, not Occidental. You see your beloved King and Queen and the members of their family going about amongst the people. You understand the exact authority of the Crown, and you know that no intrigues or superstitions will influence the actions of your King. How different is the atmosphere round the Czar's court! You see there all that strange medley of Oriental intrigues, sects, cliques and superstitions. You must not underestimate the *rôle* these things play in Russia. The country is steeped in bigotry and superstition. They are part and parcel of the life of the Court and of the peasant's hovel. It is only by grasping this fact that you will be able to understand some of the difficulties the Czar has had to face in steering a clear course between so many conflicting interests and in loyally supporting his Allies. The affection of the Czar for the Empress has become traditional. She is the one great unchanging influence in his life. Yet the Empress is German—as is also the Grand Duchess Marie, wife of the Grand Duke Vladimir. Think what it must mean to a man, so dependent on his domestic ties, to be engaged in war with the friends and relatives of his wife and aunt! Yet he has remained absolutely loyal to his Allies. Russia is finding its Czar, and the Czar is finding his people. The clouds that have separated them in the past are gradually being dispersed in the terrible heat of this giant conflagration. "Russia for the Russians!" is the cry of a devoted people to their Emperor. Think of the awful storm, sublime in its dimensions and moral strength, which is, even now, only just gathering on Germany's Eastern Front. The Slavs are big children, of kindly nature, who love life and laughter; and you know what it means to arouse hatred and suspicion in the mind of a child. The Germans have

(AUGUSTE CHARLES LOUIS, Duke de Morny, is the eldest son of the late Duke de Morny, half-brother of Napoleon III, and Princess Sophie Troubetzkoi of Russia. His father merits the title which has been given him of "Founder of the Third Empire." He was the life-long friend of Napoleon III., and it was he who planned and carried through the coup d'état *of December 2, 1852, which placed Napoleon III. on the throne of France. He subsequently occupied successively the offices of Minister of the Interior, President of the Corps Legislatif, and Ambassador to Russia. It is fitting that this important and stirring message should be delivered by his son.)*

aroused hatred and suspicion in the minds of eighteen millions of children with the bodies of giants and the hearts of heroes. This human avalanche the Germans have kept chained for two centuries. Now it has broken loose, and it will roll onwards until the Huns are overwhelmed. It will never stop until it reaches the gates of Berlin.

Predominant German Influence.

All schoolchildren have read how Peter the Great determined to civilise his country; how he visited Europe and actually worked in your shipbuilding yards as a common labourer. He took back with him to Russia many Scotchmen and Frenchmen to help him reorganise his Empire. Unfortunately, during the last two centuries German influence has predominated. The Germans have not tried to train the Russians to look after themselves; it has been their policy to keep Russia a kind of German colony, intellectually always dependent on her—unable to act alone. Russia has but few skilled leaders accustomed to organise and to handle huge masses of men; she has but few railways and the roads are bad; there is no highly organised governing class such as we have in England and France, and which has reached the highest point of development in Germany. Thus it is only the wonderful man-power and vast resources of the country, driven by the inflexible will of the people, that have made possible an offensive on the huge scale we are now witnessing. The foolish and conceited Huns are just beginning to realise what it means to arouse the fury of over a hundred million hitherto peaceful Slavs. They firmly believed they had finished with the Russian armies after the great drive of 1915. The sudden uprising of all Russia from Vladivostock to the Niemen has amazed and dumbfounded them. This error will cost them their brutal Empire. Their school, which they professed to despise, is finding its feet with amazing rapidity. The peaceful lambs have turned out to be roaring lions!

Even the Russians themselves are only beginning to realise the extent of their resources and the numbers of men they have available for active service. For instance, a short time ago they decided to call up one of the Territorial classes—men between 35 and 40 who had already served in the army. They expected to get some six hundred thousand—instead of which, the actual number to answer the call was three million five hundred thousand! In Russia to-day there are some six millions hitherto excused service, because they are only sons, or have others dependent on them. These figures are staggering. There can be no crisis in reserves for Russia; there will be no need to employ the unfit and the maimed. She has limitless supplies of men—and such men, too! Their physique, endurance and courage have never been surpassed.

Offensive Only Beginning.

But I wish to impress on your readers, above all else, that this great offensive is only in its infant stage. Russia cannot yet employ twenty-five per cent. of her effectives because she cannot equip and arm them. In spite of her losses, throughout two years of war, there are still eighteen millions of men either with the Colours or waiting to be called up. She started her great offensive with four million two hundred thousand men, having rifles and equipment available for this number. The remaining fourteen millions are waiting for their turn to come. I do not mean to say that they could all be employed at once. The absence of roads and railways and the difficulty of feeding them prohibit it. But do not forget this fact: Within the heart of this limitless Empire fourteen millions of splendid Russian peasants are calling to the munition makers of England and France to quicken their efforts to redouble their output, so that they may hasten to end Armageddon. No losses will ever stop that hour of the Great Revenge on which the Russian people have set their heart. As we keep Russia supplied with arms and ammunition, so shall we hasten that consummation when Europe will be freed for ever from the intolerable dominion of the murderous Huns. How little the Germans have studied the character of the races who are now arrayed against them! Do they think they can conquer or wear down a race with such a soul?

How Russia was Starved.

Think for a moment of the state of Russia in 1914. Then you will give the Great White Czar and his soldiers a place of honour second to none. Germany starved Russia before the war. The Russian War Office was a subsidiary branch of the General Staff in Berlin. The Russians were constantly told to wait for new inventions. Thus they lacked everything essential for a great campaign. In 1914 a nation that could put twenty millions of men in the field possessed three million rifles, and no reserves of ammunition. In field guns they were correspondingly short. Take the figures of machine-guns, which are the most formidable weapon in modern warfare. Germany started with forty-two thousand, France with seven thousand five hundred, and mighty Russia with but four thousand! Contrast the figures. During the great German drive in 1915 the Russian soldier often went into action with one clip of five cartridges, and was ordered not to fire until the enemy was within two hundred yards. Many had no weapons, except weighted sticks and their pockets full of stones. The reserves picked up the rifles of the dead and wounded as they fell. Yet this heroic peasantry stood their ground as long as they could, retreated without disorder, refused to allow their moral to suffer, and have saved their country. You will understand what it means to-day to these same men to be able to meet their enemy on something like even terms.

Their Patience and Resolution.

In this war we must study the psychology of peoples. We are naturally anxious to have done with the horror of it all as soon as possible, but the Russians are never in a hurry. This strange people of the Steppes are soaked in Orientalism. They have learned how to wait. Gaze into the eyes of any Russian peasant, and you will see a look of patience—call it fatalism if you like. It is a mixture of resignation and resolution. Time means nothing to them, so long as they conquer in the end. They have been compared to a steam-roller, but they are much more like a slowly incoming tide on some rock-bound iron shore. How quietly it seems to move, and yet with what irresistible force! The most formidable obstacles are slowly but surely submerged. The surf breaks and foams, the waves are beaten back on the rocks, only to come on again. Take your eyes away for a time, and when you look again the surf has gone and the deep calm waters flow ever onwards. That is Russia. All the Huns' lines and defences will be submerged. You have but to give the Slav time and the munitions he requires. Then victory certain—and perhaps sudden—will inevitably follow. That is my message from Russia to France and England.

I WISH THE WAR WERE OVER!

AN ARTICLE WHICH EXPRESSES THE THOUGHTS OF THE MULTITUDE.

By an Average Man.

I WISH the war were over!

Some of us, I believe, feel half afraid to say so in public, lest the words should have an unexpectedly unpatriotic sound; but most of us, I am sure, are uttering the wish in private—to other members of our families if not to our neighbours—and we are all of us thinking it. I wish the war were over! Of course I do—and in a sense it is the greatest wish in the world. It must be; it is shared by so vast a number of people! I cannot believe that there is a single grown-up in a single civilised land who has not said it, or thought it—who is not saying it, or thinking it. The Kaiser probably mentions it only to himself, but his subjects are beginning to mutter it in the market-place as well as to whisper it to one another. And in all the neutral countries, in all the different tongues of the neutral countries, it is the most frequent and the most sincere phrase that is uttered. The whole world is war-weary! Sometimes I wonder that so universal a wish does not bring the war to an end of its own strength, for surely there must be a tremendous force in a wish that is wished by everyone. But still the war goes on—and must go on to the bitter end. And none of us, no matter how much he may wish it were over, would have it over *too soon*. That is why there is nothing unpatriotic in expressing the wish we cannot prevent ourselves from entertaining. We all want peace, but we do not want peace at any price. We want a peace that shall be lasting, and we want the war to end in such a fashion that peace, when it comes, shall be lasting.

A Beneficial Wish.

We wish the war were over, and we are the better for doing so. On the very day that we began to wish that wish we began to win the war. Why? I will tell you. In the earlier days of warlike enthusiasm we did not take the thing seriously enough. (Perhaps it had not hit us hard enough!) But directly we began to grow weary of the war we began to take it in grim earnest. We began to feel that we would do anything, sacrifice anything, in order to get it over and done with. Imagine what would have happened if the Government had attempted to introduce conscription in August, 1914! We ought to have had conscription in the beginning, according to many authorities, but if the Bill had been introduced it certainly would not have become law—then! But directly we really began to wish the war were over, we were ready for conscription or, indeed, for anything else that would enable us to get it over. Plainly, then, it is a good thing—a beneficial thing—to wish the war were over, and not a bad thing, or a thing to be ashamed of.

Why We Wish.

It is for these reasons—as a result of these convictions—that I feel no shame in recording *why* (in my inconsequence) I wish the war were over. I am just an average man, an unimportant unit in the population. But I am not at all sure that my sensations are unimportant. On the contrary, I believe that they have a considerable value—because I *am* an average man. Don't you see what I mean? I want the war to be over for the very same reasons, probably, that several hundreds of thousands of other average men want it to be over.

Just now the holiday season is with us, and in ordinary years we should be enjoying all sorts of delights during that annual week, or fortnight, of ours. We should have revelled in the joys of anticipation. But there were no joys of anticipation this year—except in the anticipation of peace. To think of holidays is to think of *past* holidays, not of present holidays. We remember how jolly it used to be at Margate; what gorgeous times we had at Yarmouth, or Scarborough, or Somewhere Else; and we know only too well that to go to any one of those places this year would simply mean an even more painful resurrection of the ghosts of the past than the resurrection with which our thoughts provide us. The glory has departed! It will come back again—oh yes, most assuredly it will come back again! One of these summers we shall be trotting gaily off to the railway station with our wives and our youngsters, blissfully forgetful of the dark days when we knew not which way to turn for a holiday because we could not get one of the old sort, and had an uneasy feeling into the bargain that we oughtn't really to enjoy ourselves at all. But this year—well, naturally—we wish the war were over!

The Altered Home.

There's the house itself, moreover. It ought really to have been done up last spring, but who felt inclined to spend money on paint and paper last spring? We didn't—and I don't fancy *you* did! So we let it go! Consequently, there's that patch of damp on the sitting-room wall which somehow always reminds us that there are trenches in France. And we have turned the broken leaf of the gate-legged table to the wall. Peter broke it, and in the ordinary way it would very quickly have been mended, but—well, one isn't sure whether one has the money to spare in war time for renovations and repairs; and I am quite sure one hasn't the heart. That's the trouble—one hasn't the heart to do things. The grim spectre of war seems to stick his bony fist into everything that oughtn't to concern him, because he concerns ourselves too much. I have said nothing about housekeeping worries, but I know well enough that my wife wishes the war were over for a thousand reasons, one of which is that the sovereign of to-day is worth no more than eleven shillings of three years ago. Every time she tells me in a horror-stricken voice that the price of something else has "gone up" I look anxiously at her, expecting to see grey hairs in her head. It is wonderful what women can bear! We men talk a lot about the way the burden of war presses on us, but I doubt whether, after all, we feel it half as acutely as our wives do. They feel most poignantly the going of our sons, when our sons' time comes to go. And the way they hide their woes from us and smile bravely in spite of everything—well, really it's marvellous. But it doesn't altogether deceive me, in the case of my own wife. And it is, I hope, as much for my wife's sake as for my own that I wish the war were over!

I might go on almost indefinitely with my "whys," because there are so many, many things to make me, an average man, wish with all my heart that the war were over. But there is the other side of the picture to cheer us. There is the fact that the peace of the world—because we all so ardently desire it—will seem more wonderful and more beautiful, when it *does* come, than if it had come before we had grown tired of the war. After all, we have to remember that human nature thrives better on hardship than on soft living, and best of all on a judicious mixture of both. We are suffering our time of torture now; we shall enjoy our time of peace the more for it! And that time of peace is not far distant! Very soon the day will dawn when we shall be able once more to make the most of our summers and to enjoy life to the full.

FOOD PRICES AND THE GOVERNMENT.

THE BOARD OF TRADE GETS GOING—MUCH CRY: HOW MUCH WOOL?

As the Food Prices Commission is not expected to report until the Resurrection, announcement is at last made that the Board of Trade have taken powers under the Defence of the Realm Act to lay hold of the great storage places, and if they find that meat or corn or food or commodities are being withheld in order to maintain high prices, to dispose of the stocks. It is all very belated, of course. If the Government had tackled food prices in a businesslike way at the beginning, the parasites who are now draining the very vitals of the nation would never have got hold as they have to-day. Well may Captain the Rev. D. J. Hiley, returning from the Front, denounce in the course of a sermon at West Norwood "the bloodsuckers who are making themselves rich by putting up the price of food to satisfy the greed of devils." "He came home," he said, "after seeing 25,000 maimed and mutilated men passing through the base to hospitals, and these vampires were waxing rich while our boys are dying out there without a murmur." It is horribly, shamefully true, and the Government have done almost nothing to prevent it. What little is to their credit has been done only under the lash of public opinion. Wherever you look, in the coal cellar or in the larder, the boodler and the profiteer are skinning the people at home while their sons are bleeding abroad. And all that the Board of Trade have done is to appoint one of those comical Commissions of Inquiry. If prices of food and commodities continue mounting at this rate, we shall all be dead or bankrupt—or dead and bankrupt both—before the Commission has finished inquiring into the effects of the recent rainy season on a pint of milk at sixpence a quart. Meanwhile, with bread at 9d. the quartern loaf, we can all be comforted with the assurance of Mr. Pretyman, of the Board of Trade, that he "has made inquiries and found no evidence of the holding up of wheat,"—or we could all feel a comfort of sorts if he would take his solemn affidavit that the people he has inquired from are not those who are holding up the wheat. The last time he, or Mr. Runciman, or somebody official, inquired about the milk ramp, he inquired from the people in the ramp and came back with a yarn about milk which would not have deceived even a cow. Mr. Pretyman is of the type of mind which would take the word of the man who stole his silver spoons as conclusive evidence that he did not do it, also that the man had not the spoons, though they were rattling in his back pocket. One of the Ministers—we forget whom—"understood" that Mincing Lane was not speculating in tea at a time when the game was being played under his very nose. We shall in due course hear from Mr. Pretyman that on inquiry he finds the match manufacturers are losing heavily, that ship-owning is a ruined industry, and that the Beef Trust is on the point of financial collapse. It is picturesque, but not impressive. We were in hopes that, in filming the Cabinet, the operators engaged would, as a change, arrange to "take" Ministers standing on their hands, or catching flies, or playing ring-a-ring-of-roses round the table. Disappointment stares us in the face. Mr. Asquith now announces that this picture is off. The reason is "understood" to be that Ministers could not stand the glare of the arc lamps, as they usually perform these particular war evolutions with the lights well down.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES, BY THE "BOW-WOW."

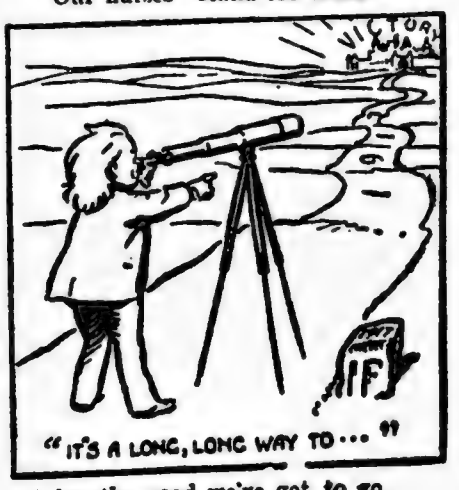
Dismissed the service, spurned, despised,
Our heroes *beg* their pay;
Ah, things are badly "organised"
When soldiers "organs" play.

Lord Robert, in most friendly style,
Plays "Confidence" on Bull;
Just look at Haldane's crafty smile—
He thinks old John's a fool.

The patient nurses stand and wait
For hours on stretch, and such
Must envy the Official State;
Our nurses "stand too much."

The deaf, the blind, the halt, the lame
Are roped into the ranks,
Whilst lusty youngsters, to their shame
May still Decline with Thanks.

Professor Wobbler-Asquith's trick
Astonishes, astounds—
For, though he wobbles, he will stick
To that Five Thousand Pounds.



A lengthy road we've got to go,
Is L. G's. latest vow;
But though our progress may be slow,
We'll get there shortly now.

PARLIAMENT GOES HOME TO PLAY.

MESSERS AND MUDDLERS TAKE A LONG REST.

Before this is in print the Mesopotamians will have passed away from Westminster, to recruit their exhausted energies in the havens of rest. Somebody wanted to prolong the debate on the adjournment to "discuss several urgent matters, including the price of food, the allowances and pensions to soldiers and sailors and their dependents, and the Report of the Committee on Public Accounts," but Mr. Asquith rose in his might, stiffened his vertebral column, assumed a firm and unrelenting attitude, and announced in stern official tones that he would do nothing of the kind. It was really about time the four-hundred-a-yearers went home to play. Truth to tell, except for an M.P. here and there, members of the House of Commons have been about as helpful to the country in this war as an assembly of sucking doves. Patriotism has given them lockjaw and rheumatism. No House of Commons has ever watched, with so stupefied an air, a Government give so many displays of the confidence-trick and been so often taken in. The performances of Ministers recall the woman who at supper time used to say to her children, "Noo then, bairns, who'll hev a ha'penny instead o' supper?" and at breakfast time, "Noo then, bairns, who'll gie me a ha'p'ny for breakfast?" The House as a whole has been as docile as the most exacting Mesopotamian could wish. There has hardly been a single aspect of the war as it affects the nation at home or abroad which has not been in some way bungled, with the weak acquiescence of a Legislature long ago exhausted of its possibilities of public usefulness. Last year the Government nearly lost us the war, and even now we would not trust them to win it. The boys on land and sea will do that; and when they come home, knowing what they know and seeing what they have seen, no such Government and no such a House of Commons are again likely to cumber the land. What alone has saved them from judgment is the desire to avoid a General Election on an impossible register in the midst of this war. But even with a General Election on the present register the nation might get many a Government better; it could not possibly get one worse. So let the professional politicians run home and play. At work, little is it that they matter.

MICROBES FOR SALE.

FLAGRANT OFFENCE VIRTUALLY UNPUNISHED.

When Messrs. Eastmans, Limited, the foreign and colonial butchers, were recently prosecuted upon the serious charge of exposing diseased meat for sale at their Gillingham branch, the Town Clerk very properly was "instructed by the Corporation to press for a very heavy penalty"; but the Chatham Stipendiary Magistrate evidently has notions of his own as to the just disposal of cases of this kind. It seems that since the war began Messrs. Eastmans have found it necessary to supplement their foreign supplies by the purchase of cattle at home, and in the Rochester Market they had lately bought three cows, one of them evidently in a thoroughly diseased condition. Yet the carcase of this animal was removed from the slaughter-house to the defendant's shop at Gillingham, where the local Meat Inspector shortly afterwards found 14 joints in an advanced state of tuberculosis, four of them being actually exposed for sale. To make matters worse, it was evident that the diseased state of the meat had been noticed, and pains taken to conceal it, there being evidence of "some scraping with an instrument to remove the signs of tuberculosis." "*Prima facie*," as the Magistrate justly observed, "it appeared to be about as bad a case as could be"; nor can we appreciate the ground upon which the Bench thought fit to resist the demand of the Corporation for an exemplary sentence. It was doubtless true that the Company as such had no direct knowledge of the offence, nor need we deprive them of the credit attaching to the honest admission of the charge; but the fact remains that through the gross carelessness, if not the wanton indifference, of an employee, meat foully diseased had been offered for sale in their shop. For this glaring infraction of the law the legal liability of the Company was undoubted, and in the circumstance a fine of £10 was a ridiculously inadequate penalty, opposed to every consideration of public health and safety.

AN "ALIEN" SCOTCH LANDOWNER.

HOW THE LEGATEE BECAME DE-NATURALISED!

Here is a well-founded protest from one of our readers:—

"I happen to have succeeded, since the beginning of the war, to a baronetcy with a very large and beautiful estate in the North of Scotland, and I am in treaty with the Government to sell some of the timber on the estate, partly because the Government want timber, and partly to enable me to pay the enormous succession duties on an estate that costs more to maintain than it yields. I travelled to my home in the North of Scotland, with my wife and family, early in July, but I was recalled to London on urgent business. Seeing a notice in the papers of the new military regulations affecting travellers to the North-west of Scotland, I wrote to the G.O.C. at Edinburgh—to be informed that I could not be exempted from the provisions of the Regulations, inasmuch as I am not ordinarily resident within the area. This would seem to imply that one's own house or property cannot be regarded as one's home if one ever sleeps away from it. I was further informed that I must get the necessary Permit Book from the Police, and submit it to the Deputy-Commandant at Inverness—which necessitated my having two photographs taken, as for a Passport. I had to get two householders to vouch for my respectability, and I had to give the name and address of anyone resident on my estate who could give me a satisfactory character! The only people resident on the estate besides myself and my wife are my tenants. On submitting the book to the Commandant at Inverness I obtained my Permit; but, judge of my indignation when I found that my Permit Book had been boldly stamped with the words "Aliens' Registration Department." I strongly protested against this insult, but was informed that, apparently from motives of economy, the Government would not provide the Police with a stamp applicable to the Scotch regulations, and, therefore, I, a loyal subject of my King, am branded as an alien, because out of a fund of £6,000,000 a day which is being spent by the Government there is no provision to spend 1s. 9d. in buying a rubber stamp! Can you, my dear John Bull, do anything to remove from my character the indelible disgrace which attaches to me through this innocent Police stamp?"

The only thing we can suggest is that our friend should apply to the Home Secretary, with a view to obtaining a King's Pardon!

OFFICIAL INSOLENCE.

A PLEA FOR PITY FOR THE POOR INSURED.

It appears that some municipal "health visitors" are disposed to magnify their office in a manner which is a negation of the common decencies of life. For example, a woman reader complains that she was stopped in the street by "a strange nurse" and subjected to various "delicate questions," inviting particulars of an obvious coming event. Uncertain as to the status of her questioner, the prospective mother thought it best to give the required information, but was shocked to discover that the nurse was accosting in similar fashion every woman in the street in like case with herself. There seems to be no doubt that the offender was a duly accredited "health visitor," in the employ of the local Corporation, although we can hardly imagine that her methods can have had the approval of the Medical Officer of Health. Unfortunately, many of the nurses entrusted with the administration of the Public Health Regulations, and of the maternity provisions of the National Insurance Act, seem to be entirely lacking in womanly sympathy and in the delicacy of feeling which the nature of their work imperatively demands. In many cases, moreover, the women appointed to the most important posts of this kind seem to be wholly out of touch with the sentiments and habits of the insured classes. Upon no other supposition, for example, can we explain the recent remarks of Mrs. Catherine Tanner, Lady Maternity Almoner at the London Hospital, whose evidence before the Commission of Investigation appointed by the Faculty of Insurance consisted very largely of cruel and baseless aspersions upon the general character of the insured section of the public. It is bad enough for the employed contributors to be robbed of half they were promised under the State Insurance scheme without being insulted and slandered by the way.

In "Everywoman's" there is everything to suit a woman.

THE SEARCHLIGHT OF HISTORY.

By HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

It is a trite saying that war teaches people geography; and there can be little doubt that every one of us to-day knows much more of the map of Europe than he did two years ago. But geography, by itself, is a dull and more or less meaningless study. To really appreciate the character and significance of any spot on the face of the earth you must know its *history*—and all about the people who, in past days, inhabited and helped to make it.

In fact, I sometimes think that, next to "the three Rs," history is the only thing worth teaching in our public elementary schools. But the difficulty has always been to find a simply-written, comprehensive, and *impartial* story of the world's evolution. Nearly all the recognised historians have been essayists, with strong political or religious bias—and they have trimmed the various events of which they have written to make them square with their prejudices. And that is why I welcome the appearance of a work which has just come into my hands—the "Harmsworth History of the World," published by the Educational Book Company.

Get it—and read a chapter every day. You will find that it mirrors the past a great deal more faithfully than the newspapers mirror the present, because national, religious, Party, and personal bias is cast aside. You have a great History—a wonderful story of human happenings on one great uniform scheme; you get something of the unity of a great play—a dramatic tale that thrills you as you read, and throws a strong searchlight right through the centuries, from the time of the first Chaldæan, who made his rough record on his stele, right down to the mighty and whirling world of to-day.

These fifteen volumes constitute more than a study, they are a veritable recreation—an intellectual rest from the great war strain. The mass of ephemeral fiction with which men and women once regaled themselves is being thrown into the dust-heap. To-day they demand more wholesome and sustaining mental food. They want help to understand the great world tragedy which is being enacted—and only history can supply it.

Get to know what the races of mankind have done and you will begin to learn what they will yet accomplish. And you will be prouder than ever of the great branch of the human family to which you belong. You will better realise its destiny, and you will better aid in its fulfilment. For knowledge is power. And you will go forward with renewed hope.

Reading these volumes you will find that, time after time, in the history of mankind, the forces of evil have seemed to overwhelm and destroy the fruits of centuries of progress. We have had our Alexanders and our Attilas, our Tamerlanes and our Napoleons, our Goths and Vandals, before whose ravages civilisation emerged bleeding and bruised—to struggle again to convalescence and new life; just as to-day we have a world strife that seems to shake the stars, and makes us almost doubt the power of God himself.

Periodically, throughout the ages, civilisation has had to be redeemed by blood. It has been so a thousand times, and it may be so to the end of time—although I sometimes think we are seeing the last of War, and that we have won the first step towards "the parliament of man, the federation of the world," and towards, too, the "universal ocean lapping all her warless isles." Of course, on the other hand, all this may be but the poets' dream—who shall say? Who shall prophesy the fruit of Armageddon?

Still, we must remember that in the past, all settlements after devastating wars have been only temporary in their character. They may have endured for a long time, and they may have carried on their faces the semblance of permanence. But all the while the forces of eruption were at work, gaining an ever-increasing degree of power—acting like a ferment and gradually imbuing the whole mass until the vessel burst and the deluge of war devastated the land once more.

Then the bloody throes of the struggle worked out their progress until one side imposed its will on the vanquished; and the process went on until another great explosion took place and the thing had to be done all over again. It is a miserable confession to make—but it is a true one—might cannot but dominate in the end. But not alone the might of arms; there must be the might of knowledge, and the greatest of all knowledge is the knowledge of the history of the world.

Read the glowing story of the history of all time, as told in the Harmsworth History of the World—and you will understand. You will understand something of the mystic forces of which the present war is one of those periodic manifestations which mark the evolution of the world, and is but the story of a thousand struggles which have gone before—repeating itself in an ever-widening scale.

Someone is responsible for the dictum that "Happy is the land with no history." There is no such land, any more than there is such an individual. Empires, worlds, peoples, come and go—are born and die—only the Universe is eternal. Each has its appointed purpose in the great scheme of things. And all this you will realise when you sit down and read these volumes. For they are a *real* history—not a mere narrative of the incidents of Court intrigues, and the squabbles of royal houses and of rival States; but a comprehensive, enthralling story of our race—from Absolutism, through Feudalism, down to present-day Democracy. And it is written in language which you will understand.

You may study Green and Prescott, Kinglake and Motley, Froude and Macaulay, and all the rest of them; but the prejudices of their "points of view" will leave you less wise than when you began. You may have formed "opinions," but you will not have acquired *knowledge*. Read the "Harmsworth History of the World"—and you will be *wise*.

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

The "Harmsworth History of the World," so enthusiastically praised by Mr. Bottomley in the above article, is published in fifteen beautiful volumes which are sent carriage paid to any reader in the United Kingdom, either in return for their cost or on generous subscription terms. You will obtain full particulars free and post free by filling in the coupon on the next page and posting it to the publishers, The Educational Book Company, Ltd., 17, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.

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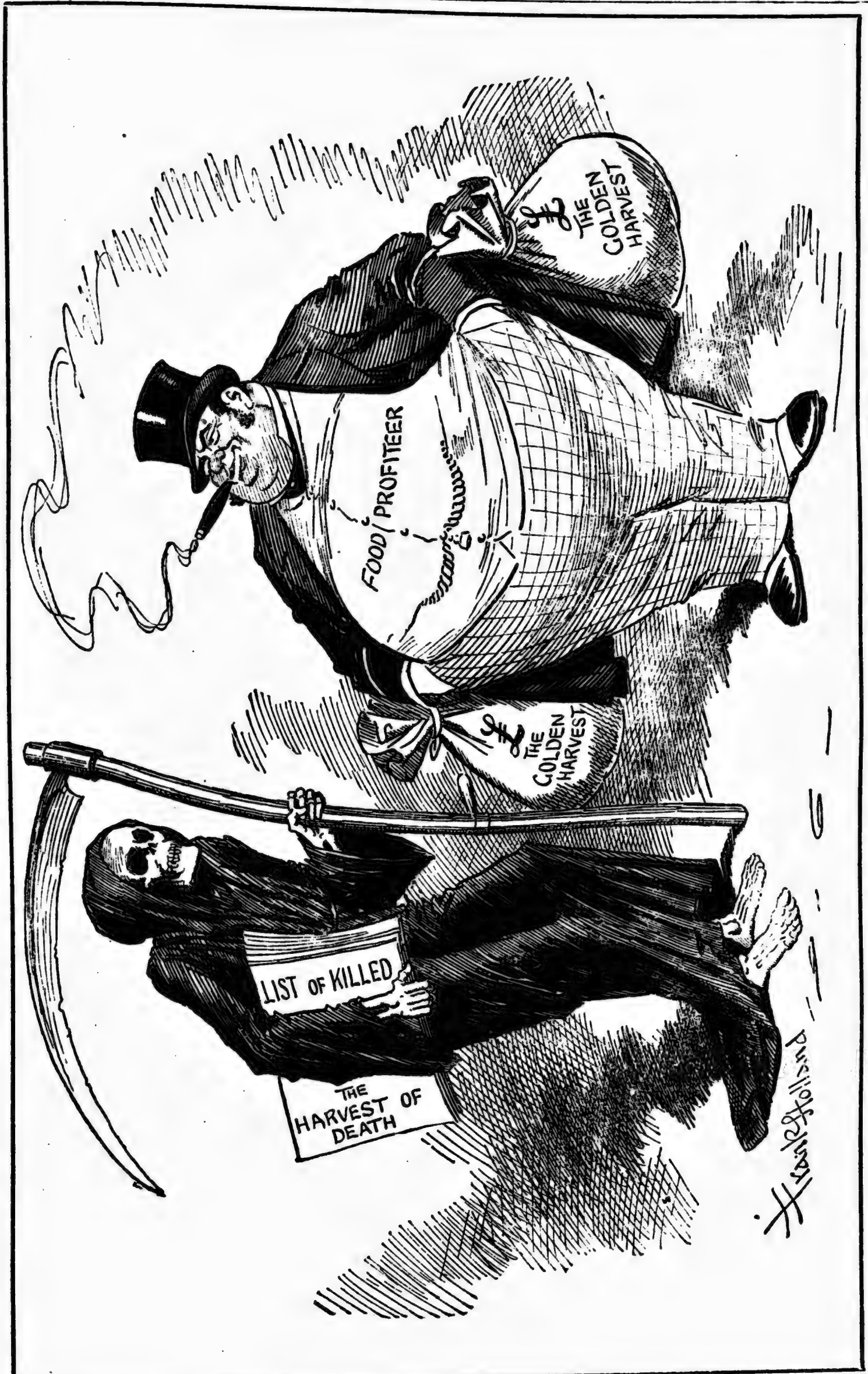
THE REAPERS.



DEATH: "Whoever has suffered by the War, you and I have reaped a rich harvest, my friend."

Never Mind the Political Pessimists - - THE WAR CANN

By THE

I AM glad the politicians have spoken, for it gives me new hope of a speedy victory. The war will *not* last long—of that I am assured; not only because the politicians say it will—and they are never right—but because, as I intend to show you, Germany's position is getting desperate. But before I give you the views of a plain-thinking man, let me say exactly why it is I welcome the gloomy prophecies of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill. Their recent speeches have, I fear, disheartened a great many people just when there was every reason for assured confidence. When politicians attempt to pose as prophets they cannot blame us if we test their present prognostications by past performances. If I wanted to be unkind to my two ri ht hon. friends, I could bring forward all sorts of promises and predictions—from the "swarm of hornets" (how those Zeppelin commanders must chuckle!) to the "rats in a hole"; from the glorious promises of a world-shaking triumph in Gallipoli (you can almost hear the grim, satiric laughter of the ten thousand ghosts) to the unhappy declaration, which I at least cannot forget, that mighty Russia was "a spent force." And when I try to put a value on the estimates of the politicians I am forced to remember that flesh-creeping warning from the front Opposition bench, after some "clear thinking" in the trenches, that the German battle fleet might have some awful instrument of war in readiness for us when her Navy chose to leave the security of the Kiel Canal. Well, the High Seas Fleet came out, and the Jutland battle was the result!

Political Pessimists.

No, I repeat, the gloomy prophecies of the politicians trouble me not at all; on the contrary, they delight me. If they had attempted an estimate of happy optimism I should have been fearful indeed, for is it not true that the politician has an ingrained habit for saying and doing the wrong thing? Mr. Churchill in his ample leisure has been casting his eye over the far-flung battlefields; and, although he is forced to admit facts, he prefers to conclude that none of them "carries the assurance of a speedy peace of the kind we mean to have." The War Secretary has also been taking stock of the situation. He, too, finds ground for satisfaction between the Then and the Now—the state of things which confronted the Allies a few months ago when contrasted with the wonderful turn in the tide of war. But, like his pessimistic friend, Mr. Lloyd George is by no means optimistic of a speedy end to all this terrible carnage, this awful waste—I had almost written wanton waste—of precious human life. He is ready enough to paint the radiantly contrasting picture. He admits that we have done in two months what we had not succeeded in beginning to do in nearly two years. But he is evidently afraid that we may be "over confident"—he is fearful lest we should imagine we see the beginning of the end. I declare that on every side—from every quarter of the vast area of war wherever we look—we see the risen sun of victory. "We shall need all the courage and the endurance of our race in every part of the world in order to convert the work which has been begun, more especially during the last two years, into a victory which will be really a final and complete victory." Thus the War Secretary. But he seems to forget that so far as this country is concerned—and how much our Allies have been forced to depend upon us is not generally known—we have been able to take off our coat in real earnest only in the last few months. Those of us who based our early optimism on the fighting spirit of our people, and who saw with clear sight the inevitable victory, reckoned without the messes and muddles of the politicians. Germany would have been starved into submission by now if the Navy had been allowed to do its splendid work unfettered by the Foreign Office. And—would you believe it?—that destestable Declaration of London—which was brought into operation by Order in Council and against which some of us protested with all our might—is now denounced by the Blockade Minister himself for the miserable thing it was! When Parliament—when the House of Lords, to its everlasting credit—refused to pass the Declaration of London, the Asquith Cabinet brought it into force by an Order in Council, which Lord R. Cecil now tells us "could do us injury while it could do us no good." That is why in the third year of war the Declaration has disappeared.

French Optimism.

There are many more reasons why, if the Government had only made real war, we might have achieved victory by now. But they cannot wholly be blamed for that want of co-operation between the Allies, which for long months left the Germans always with the advantage of the initiative. Certainly the general unpreparedness of all the belligerents—save Germany, which lived for and meant war—was the overmastering factor in the slow progress of the Allies. But now all that has changed. We, the Allies, are marching to victory; Germany knows it. And, what is not less important, our soldiers know it. I prefer the informed optimism of Sir Douglas Haig to the drab pessimism of Mr. Winston Churchill; and as a set-off to Mr. Lloyd George's grey speculation "whether we shall see the end of the war in the coming year," I give you the cheery confidence of the French Minister for War's reply to our War Secretary. Here it is:—"Decisive battles are in progress. At the moment selected by the Allies, *in perfect unity of action*, we are attacking the enemy, *who will soon* see his dream of domination vanish and will *give way on every front.*" General Roques evidently does not agree with Mr. Churchill that the war may continue "for another year or even more." He clearly realises what unity of action means, and in that unity, in my humble opinion, is to be found the way to victory—and a speedy peace. Remember this—that we have been two years preparing, while the war has been in progress. Germany has all that time been at the height of her strength. While she pounded away on all fronts we and our Allies could do little more than hold our ground. We had the men and the money,

ANNOT LAST LONG.

By THE EDITOR.

Roumania's Useful Fist

but none of us had the guns and ammunition. Now we *have*; and while I cordially agree that we must not relax our efforts—that the better the bench feeds the trench and the factory the firing line, the quicker and bloodier will be the defeat of the Hun—I see every ground for believing that victory will come soon.

Watch the East.

Let me deal with two essential points—the unity of the Allies and the growing disunion in Germany due to baulked hopes and empty stomachs. It was not until the spring of this year, 1916, that, at a Conference of all the Powers, real and close co-operation, acting and reacting over all the fields of war, was decided upon. Already the results have been magical. Previously, with her wonderful system of railways, Germany was able to play the game as she chose—concentrating her forces at will, hitting where she liked and when she liked. But now all that is changed, and it is the Allies who call the battle tune. For weary weeks our French ally withstood alone the concentrated fury before Verdun. But since the British forces made that brilliant and sustained attack on the Somme, the enemy has only dared one further assault on Verdun, and that resulted in failure. It was Russia—Russia, "the spent force"—which did more at that time than anyone else to divert the attention of the enemy; and but for her gallant efforts the outcome of Germany's poundings in the West might have been almost disastrous. Now it is our turn to help Russia; by giving the enemy a lively time on the West, we are preventing reinforcements going East, No more is the German able to run up and down the long line of front, striking a blow here, battering away there, just as he pleases. Everywhere he is held, fighting for his life; everywhere he grows daily weaker.

Enemy's Vain Dreams.

It must not be assumed that the break will for a fixed certainty come in the West. The pessimists tell you that "we shall never drive them back to the Rhine"—"we" meaning the French and British forces. But what of the East? It is from that quarter the knock-out blow may be delivered, and the entrance of Roumania adds another useful fist. "Berlin to Bagdad," that has been the dream of the German people—one of several dreams, it is true, but a very golden dream. There are others—such as the "Freedom of the Sea," which really means a dominant German Navy; the setting up of Prussian power in Central Europe, and the vision of a great Colonial Empire. Just so soon as the fading of those dreams, the shattering of those visions, is made real to the German people will they, pinched as they are now with hunger and jealous with the reawakening of old-time feuds, lose heart and collapse. Don't forget—the Germany as we know it to-day is really a new Germany. It has never before been tried in the fires. Germany is a big bully, full of fight while things are going well, but all escaping wind so soon as the bubble of her war-lordship is pricked. And to-day the bubble is about to burst. Russia, by defeating the Turks in the East, has killed the dream of Bagdad; Russia and Italy have Austria in death grips; the Salonika advance is threatening the existence of Bulgaria; the vision of a German Central Europe has gone, and—with Turkey isolated in the East and a mighty German Army struggling and growing daily weaker in the West; with every Colony snatched at the point of the sword from her amorous grasp—where lies the hope of the All Highest? No, his doom is sealed, and Germany's deluded people cannot much longer feed their empty stomachs on flatulent lies.

Germany Collapsing.

It has been the policy of a good many writers in this country to paint Germany as growing stronger and even healthier as the months of war have rolled on. They have done it because, in their ignorance of the British people, they imagined that a more truthful picture—that of a weakening and hungry nation—would mean a relaxation of effort, a tendency to withhold sacrifice on the assurance of victory. But that is not how I have read the British temperament. I know that nothing strengthens the arm and steels the will like the assurance of triumph. At last we are officially told from British Headquarters at the front of the hunger-pinch in Germany. Those letters—pitiful human documents written from hungry homes in Germany to Fritz in the trenches—are in their essence true. Those missives tell of the terrible straits to which the families in the Fatherland are put to get food to keep body and soul together. If, as Napoleon said, an army marches on its stomach, it is equally true that hunger never yet made strong and confident the heart of a nation. The Germans are crying for food—*and they are crying for peace.* "People think it cannot last much longer, for hunger is rife, though no one dares to say so." "Here everyone is thin owing to the meatless and fatless days. It is really wretched. . . people have to stand from three o'clock in the morning to obtain a few grains of potatoes." Again: "I had a little hope yesterday, as a colleague of mine who is at the General Kommando in Berlin told me that it cannot possibly go on much longer and that it must come to an end in the autumn. After Aug. 1st clothing material can only be obtained by cards, and in winter boots must be soled with wood." Such are some of the latest evidences from Berlin. They are much more significant than all the speculations of the politicians or of the "military experts." As I have said elsewhere, a great war like this may easily collapse as suddenly as it broke out. Psychology—especially with a people like the Germans—is as important a factor as military tactics. The Huns have no appetite for cold steel—and they are nearly fed up. *Watch the German Army!* And contrast its spirit with the splendid confidence and the message of high hope which the Duke de Morny brings from Russia, in the human and interesting article we publish in this issue. On every side the Allies are strong and assured, and the nations behind the fighting men are resolute for certain victory.

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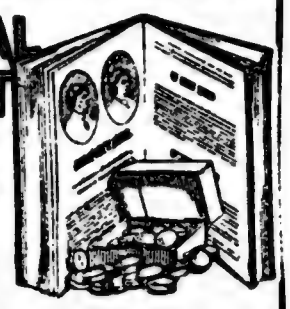

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THE UNFIT AND THE ARMY.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE UP FOR JUDGMENT.

By Theodore Thomas.

It is futile for Mr. Lloyd George to pretend, as he did in the House of Commons the other night, that the "hospital-fodder" with which a large number of Medical Officers are at present feeding the Army is the result of mere casual mistakes and accidents. I have had voluminous testimony before me, and I have many letters before me now, amply proving that these wrecks of men are not passed because of the mere mistakes of Medical Officers. It is notorious that some Medical Officers will not look at certificates, will not consider "history," and will not listen to anything the man before them wishes to say. If they were paid £10 an ounce for fatty heart, perforated lung, atrophied kidney, strangulated intestine, perforated liver, ruptured bladder, varicose vein, blind eye, suppurating bunion and other diseased lumps of human nature, they could not possibly pass into the Army these unfits with more enthusiasm or greater alacrity. Men are unceremoniously taken from the only employments for which they are capable and by which they manage to keep body and soul together, smashed up utterly in Army training, hunted into the hospital if they do not happen to be quite ready for the cemetery, and then refused either for themselves or their dependents pension or allowance. Take a case before the Staines Tribunal recently. A man, whose brother says he was perfectly healthy, joined the Army in April, 1915, contracted in his service tuberculosis of the throat and lungs, was discharged useless in November, is now so near to the grave that no sanatorium will admit him, and, entirely dependent on his friends, is unable to obtain a penny of pension. I imagine the War Minister would be shocked to the point of dumbfounded horror if I were to express my patriotic conviction that a country which can afford to pay £6,000 a year to the parents of sons who are fighting against us in the Germhun army can afford, without grudging and without shuffling, to pay pittance pensions to unfit men passed into its own Army, as soon as their training has qualified them for its sanatoria and hospitals. At the end of his speech Mr. Lloyd George said the War Office was "not anxious to get this kind of men, as they cannot be of the slightest use to the Army." But speech is one thing and action another. The War Office is very free with its instruction to Military Representatives and "recommendations" to Tribunals, some of whom have said they do not care twopenn'orth of cold pie what this or that Minister has said or promised or pledged in the House of Commons. If the War Minister and the War Office are really not seeking "hospital-fodder" for the British Army, let them act as if they were not, by instructing Medical Officers, in emphatic terms, on no account to pass unfit men.

A BIRD IN THE BUSH.

THE PROMISE OF HOPE—DEFERRED.

A reader living in Harmony Row, Govan, Glasgow, seems to have thought that he could better live up to the name of his street with the aid of a talking parrot. He therefore got into communication with Hope, of West Bromwich, famed far and wide as an "Importer and Exporter of all kinds of British and Foreign Birds." A common Indian parrot of the "right age to teach to talk" might have been had almost for the asking, while a thoroughly "acclimatised" bird, able already to "whistle, mimic and talk freely"—the very thing for Harmony Row—would cost only 35s., to be paid in easy instalments on the hire-purchase plan. Would that at this point we could end our tale, leaving our friend in joyous possession of the coveted bird; but unflinching veracity compels us to relate the sequel, and to state that, up to the time of writing, no feathered harbinger of "Hope" wakes the tuneful echoes in Harmony Row. There was a hitch in the proceedings—Hope failed to deliver the goods, omitting also to refund the cash, or even to substitute a common Indian parrot for the feathered comedian originally specified. A reference to the police was entirely fruitless. "It is no use seeing Hope," wrote the Chief Superintendent of the Staffordshire Constabulary. "Have done so in dozens of cases, and he refuses to return the money." It is possible that a timely warning may save others from the snares and pitfalls of false Hope.

"MOVIES" WITHOUT MOTION.

POSTAL TUITION MISSES THE POST.

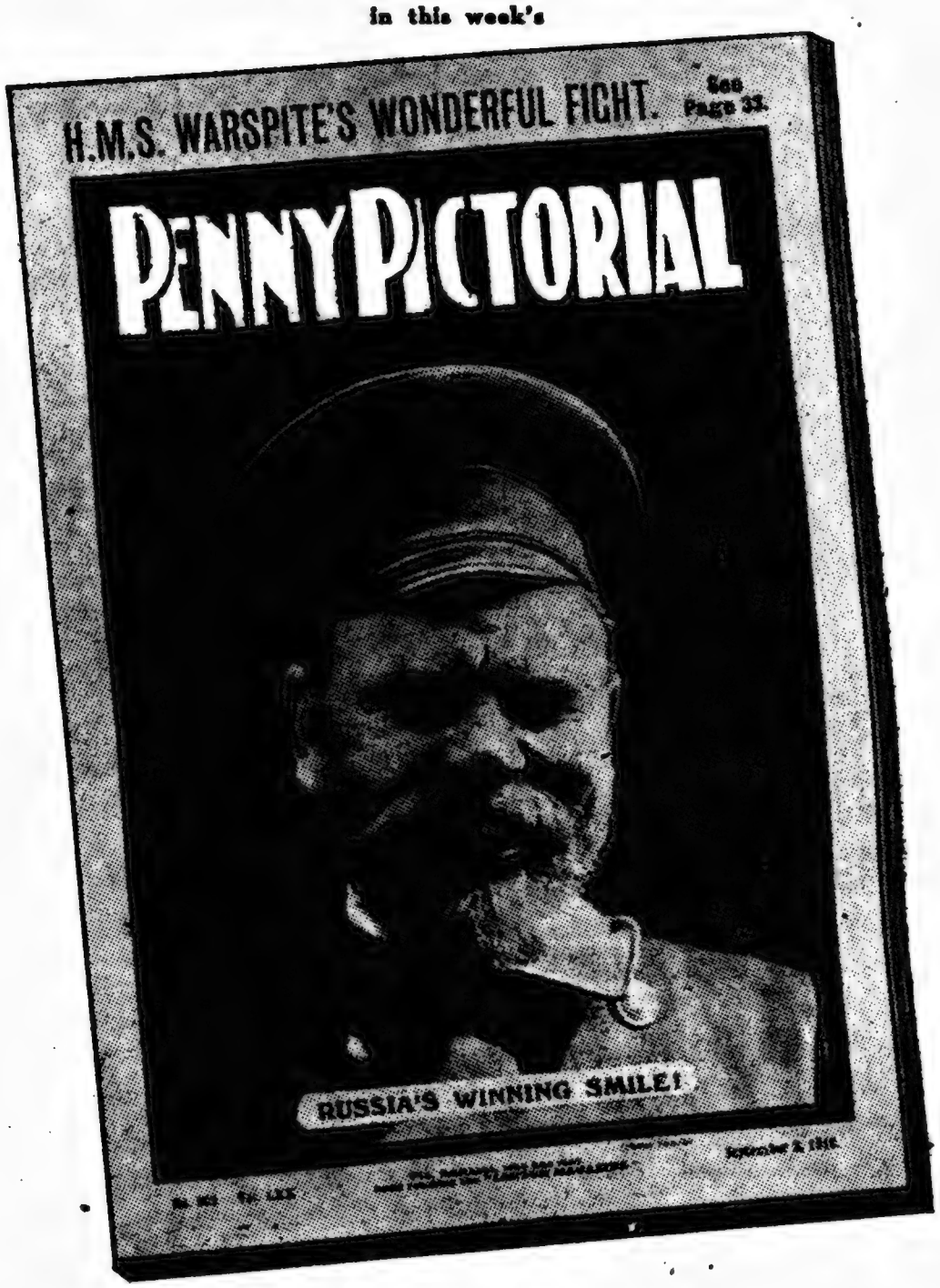
The Imperial Cinema College, 235, High Holborn, W.C., announces that its Secretary is Albert Osborne, and its principal Percival Langdon. The "College" purports to teach you, by post, how to become an actor or actress for the cinema. It reminds you that Mr. Chaplin receives £130,000 a year, and asks, "Who knows, but one day, *You* may be doing the same?" Obviously, all you need do is to take the Postal Lessons. "Dear Sir or Madam," it wrote to a lady inquirer, "We are very disappointed, on looking through our correspondence files to-day, to find that you have not enrolled as one of our students. . . . Eager hands are stretching out for your work!!! . . . Think of the *Pride* of yourself and friends when your first appearance on a picture is an accomplished *Fact!!!* . . . Although the *Special Reduced* fee asked (7s. 6d.) is so small, remit what you can, if it is only half." The lady did remit what she could. She sent 3s. And at the time of writing she has heard not another word from the Imperial Cinema College. Perhaps she was foolish in expecting to be taught the art of cinema acting through the post. But the College made the promise and accepted the money. As teachers of "acting for the movies" they must get a move on.

The Thrilling Story of

H.M.S. WARSPITE

By one of the crew who fought in the history-making Battle of Jutland

in this week's



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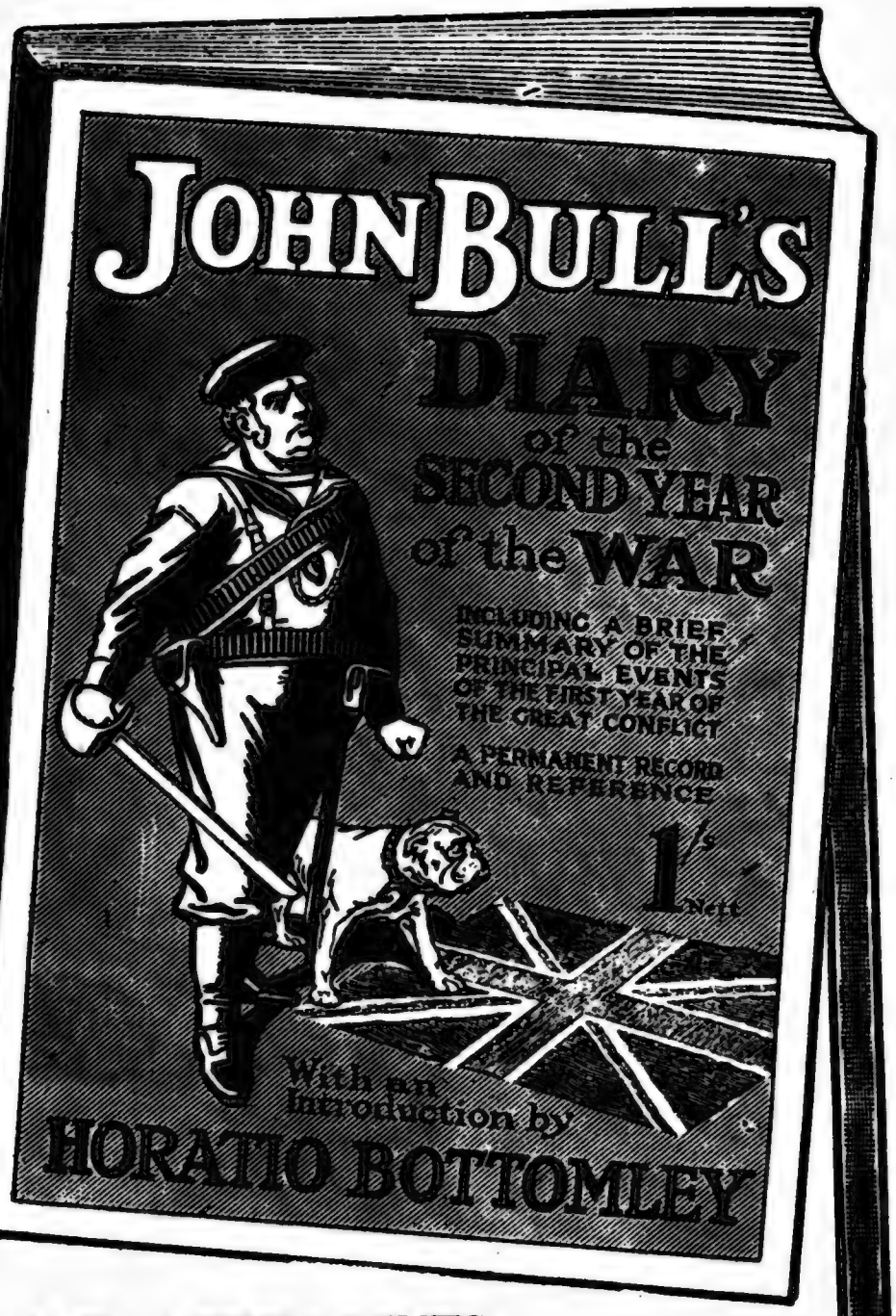

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HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

THOSE WHO have the first Diary will need this to make a complete History of the War to date. Those who were unable to obtain the First will find in the Summary sufficient to make a connected record from the outbreak of Hostilities.

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MAKE SURE of a copy of this invaluable book by ordering one from your Bookseller or Newsagent To-day. Last year's DIARY was completely sold out within three days of publication, and thousands of readers were unable to obtain copies.

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LEST-WE-FORGET LEAGUE.

GREAT INTEREST IN OUR PROPOSAL.

We have now had an opportunity of going through the shoals of letters which our recent suggestion for the formation of this League has brought us; and there can be no question that the idea has thoroughly caught the public fancy. In these days of so many Leagues and Associations, however, we are desirous of making quite sure, before launching the new body, of receiving the necessary practical support, as, if the movement is to be made effective, it will be necessary to inaugurate a very active campaign. We propose, therefore, this week to give an outline of the character of the contemplated League and to invite our readers to indicate their approval and intended membership.

The League's Motto.

Lest We Forget—The murders of Nurse Cavell and Captain Fryatt; the *Lusitania* crime; the torture of British prisoners, and the other outrages by the Huns, on land and sea; and the Pledge of the British Government to bring to justice the Principals and Agents in the commission of such crimes, "*whoever they may be, and whatever their station in life.*"

Membership.

To be open to every British-born citizen, of either sex.

League Badge.

For women members: A brooch or pendant, with portrait of Nurse Cavell on front and Mr. Asquith's Pledge on back. For men: A chain attachment, with portrait of Captain Fryatt in front and motto at back.

President.

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY (Editor, JOHN BULL). (Vice-Presidents, Executive Committee, Auditors and other officers to be elected at first meeting of the League, to be held in the month of October.)

Propaganda.

Meetings to be held in all parts of the country—beginning with a big demonstration in London—for the purpose of stimulating public determination to see the Prime Minister's Pledge honoured—and the infamies of the Huns avenged by the punishment of the culprits.

Readers willing to support the project are invited to fill up and forward the following coupon to the Editor—marking the envelope, in left-hand corner, "League."

LEST-WE-FORGET LEAGUE.

I shall be willing to join the above League and to do my utmost to promote its objects.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

TWADDLE BY AGNES WESTON.

"JACK'S MOTHER" INSULTS HER "SONS."

Miss Agnes Weston now styles herself "Jack's Mother." It is strange that she should insist on insulting so many of her "sons." One of her unwise and unhappy productions is a pamphlet-tract, "Playing the Devil's Game." It is not the Kaiser who is supposed to be indulging in a satanic form of recreation, but the sailor lad. Jack is represented as coming aboard, presumably half-seas over, dropping his kit-bag, and tumbling from the gangway—which, instead of being wide, with hand-rails, is shown as a single plank, pitched aslant. If Miss Weston asks a sailor to "walk the plank" with his kit on his back she is dooming him to a fall, for a goat could not negotiate it without a slip. Why such a picture should be offered to Jack as a sample of his daily life is a mystery confined to the erratic brain of the lady who serves it up. Her paper, *Ashore and Afloat*, also offends. She makes one sailor say, "I have found out three Christian shipmates on this ship." Only three, dear lady? Then what of the other hundreds?—are they but pagans, infidels, heathens, and scum unfit to mix with? We offer to Miss Weston this comment from a C.P.O.: "I think it is about time she came to the conclusion that the Navy is composed mostly of men, and good men at that. When I see her literature placed on my mess table, I think it an insult, not only to me, but to the whole of the lower deck." In that admirably expressed opinion we have the honour to coincide.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published in the following issue.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing on the cover any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

JAMES PRINGLE, No. 5 Depot, R.F.A., Athlone. August 5th. 129,160.

Staff-Sgt.-Major E. M. CUDDON, A.S.C., 55, Pearl Road, Walthamstow. August 19. 503,870.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of August 26th:—

001,766	300,717	553,741	793,897	A000,998
020,210	315,831	611,100	836,214	A074,402
063,351	322,369	630,429	872,071	A187,317
081,376	325,942	677,807	881,428	A192,508
147,982	383,466	686,714	907,049	A201,811
184,421	398,255	702,222	934,831	A218,639
211,489	424,801	724,650	966,672	A304,047
226,763	431,972	729,921	968,284	A337,355
262,227	489,214	741,589	982,308	A384,841
299,865	507,876	778,431	992,211	A397,214

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Sept. 6th).

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Fight Germs

that poison and impoverish the blood and cause disease. TUMOURS, ABSCESSES, ULCERS, TUBERCULOSIS, and INTERNAL GROWTHS do not attack suddenly. Their forerunners, DEPRESSION, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, warn you that disease has pierced the defences of health, and will enslave the body unless you destroy the disease.

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by removing the cause. It cleanses the system, restores health and vitality in the most serious and long-standing diseases when other treatments fail.

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We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, *i.e.*, we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment; and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.

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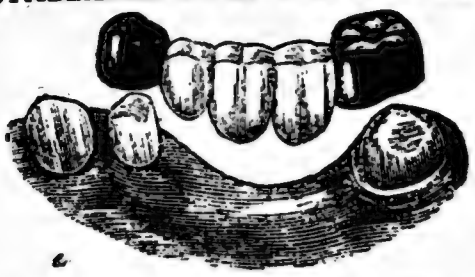

The above illustration shows how teeth are restored without any artificial palate by Goodman's System of Golden Bridge Work.

Note what the Press says:—

"Goodman's have one of the largest dental practices in the world. They have supplied artificial teeth to some 36,000 patients in London alone, at fees so moderate in comparison with those charged in the West End as to suggest that every West End dentist ought to be a millionaire. Why is he not? Simply because his turnover is not sufficient. And why is the turnover at Goodman's greater? *Because Goodman advertises.* At Ludgate Hill there are a dozen dental chairs always full. Hence the most highly skilled operators and best materials can be employed, while a reasonable profit only is charged on each transaction."—Summarised from an article in *Truth.*

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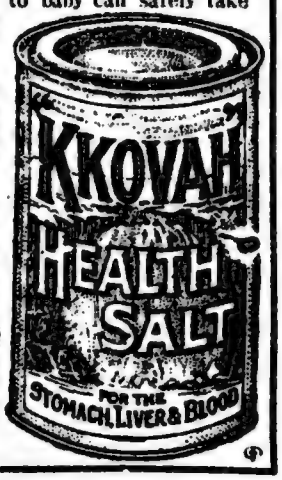
Some People

go through life looking at the pavement. It may be laziness—or liver: probably a little of each. There's no need for it. Start the Kkovah habit—a teaspoonful in water first thing in the morning - and you'll walk with head erect, filled with the joy of living.

Kkovah Health Salt

is the finest aperient you can take. It's quite mild, simply helps nature to clear all impurities in her own way, and has no harmful reaction. Father, mother, down to baby can safely take it, and they'll be better for it. Start to-morrow morning.



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IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MR. HOLZAPFEL.

Mornin', sir. . . . *'Air cuttin'?* H'm! Foreigner, ain't chew, sir? . . . *W'y do I awsk?* Becos I refuse to 'ave any truck wi' foreigners, sir. . . . *A British-born subjeck*, was you, sir? That's as it maybe. But was yore farther a British-born subjeck, an' 'is farther before 'im, an' 'is before 'im, an cetra? . . . *No?* Then I carn't do nuthink for you, sir. I ain't the Guv'ment or the Consular Service. I'm pertickler, an' I'm a patriot, I 'ope. There's a good many foreign barbers still workin' in London, sir, to the disgrace o' the Guv'ment. Go to one of 'em. . . . Oh, you *insists* on a 'air-cut, do yer? Then you go on insistin'. I can stand an' lis'n to a lot o' thet. But orl the same, I advises you to git aht. There's nothink doin'. . . . I ain't like the Guv'ment, wot would go on imployin' men of alien enemy extraction if it wasn't fur public opinion. Look 'ow they *h*acted about that bloke Holzapfel, or suthink. Didn't 'esitate ter make a bloke of foreign *h*extraction British Vice-Consul at Rotterdam! Wotjer fink of it? . . . *See no reason w'y not?* 'Ere, git art of it! Don'cher know 'is farther was a German wot become nacheralised? Don'cher know 'e's connected with a company, Holzapfels, Limited, wot looks like bein' wound up by the Board o' Trade under the Tradin' with the Enemy Ack? Then fancy makin' a bloke with 'is connections British Vice-Consul at Rotterdam! *British* Vice-Consul, minjer! 'Oo give 'im the job? *Thet's* wot I wanter know. 'Oo's the unpatriotic blighter wot couldn't find a out and out Britisher sooted for the persition? Ain't there no smart English bizness men wot knows Dutch an' 'Olland well enough? 'Undreds! An' yet they give it to a bloke with German blood flowin' through 'is veins! I'm sorry fur 'im—in a way. 'E carn't 'elp 'avin' German blood in 'im. But I'd poleaxe the bloke wot give 'im a job a Englishman could take. . . . Wot's the matter, sir? You ain't lookin' well. Wot? *You're Holzapfel 'imself?* Then git art! I don't want no pressure o' public opinion to tell you to 'op it, like wot the Guv'ment did w'en they made you British Vice-Consul. Git art, I say! You oughter be ashamed o' yerself to 'ave took on a job wot belonged by rights to a full-blooded Englishman. Unfortunately there's a good many more like you, wot 'aven't yet 'ad public attention drawn to them, and what are skulking in good fat jobs which no one but one of the old British brigade should ever have been allowed to take. However, p'raps now that the public are awake to the persition things will be different. *P'raps!* Yore own feelin's ought to 'ave taught you better. I say, "Git art!" I ain't got no use fur you. . . . *British sympathies?* Then 'ow is it the Board o' Trade is thinkin' of windin' up yore firm? . . . Don't tell me. Go an' 'ide yerself. You're a British subjeck in a way, but you oughter 'ave the sense to lay low till the wore is over. . . . Oh, go to—Amsterdam!

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

ARMY "LANGUAGE."

TOMMY ATKINS: Well, we chased the —— Boches outer the —— village, an gave the —— pertickler 'ell before they 'ad time to——

PARSON (*severely*): I—I really must protest against such terrible language being used in a public railway carriage.

TOMMY (*astonished*): Eh? "Terrible langwidge"? 'Oo's usin' terrible langwidge? I on'y sed we chased the —— Boches outer the —— village, an' gave the —— pertickler 'ell. There ain't nothink in that, *is* there, mate? (*appealing to working man friend*).

FRIEND: 'Corse there ain't nothink in it. Mild, I calls it.

PARSON: It is shocking to find that you do not realise the horrible character of the words you use.

TOMMY: Wot *you* don't seem ter realise, mister, is that I'm torkin' about the 'Uns. If you know a better name than "—— Boches" for the 'Uns, I should like to 'ear it. An' if you'd ever seen a village wot they'd bin drove out of, I'd like to know wot you could call it but a —— village.

PARSON: But such epithets sound shocking and appalling to ears attuned to pure and holy words and expressions.

TOMMY (*impatiently*): 'Ow can you use 'oly words and expressions w'en you're torkin' about the 'Uns? If you'd seen wot they've done, like wot I 'ave, you wouldn't be able to find swear words 'ot an' strong enough for 'em! P'raps you would 'ave liked me to say "We drove the luvly Boches outer the charmin' village an' put it across them proper."

PARSON: Oh, well, there may be some excuse for using vigorous language when speaking of our enemies and their atrocious deeds, but I'm sorry to say the use of bad language on *all* occasions is becoming a characteristic of the soldier. The *Church Times* had a serious article on the unpleasant subject only the other week.

TOMMY: *Church Times?* Don't know it. It ain't a paper wot soldiers read, not to my knowledge. They'd probably find it too dry for them, particularly in these days of restrictions and all kinds of faddy regulations and what not. JOHN BULL and a 'a'penny daily is about our mark. But as for soldiers in general swearin', it ain't surprisin'—is it? Look wot 'e 'as to go through. A bit of 'ard swearin' now an' then is a sorter safety valve wot 'e lets orf steam with. 'E don't mean no 'arm by it. P'raps 'e's 'ad a day's 'ard graft, an' bad grub. Well, 'e don't mutiny, or do 'is orficers in, but 'e jest swears to ease 'is mind a bit. An' I reckon 'e 'as a right to. 'E's ready to give 'is life or a limb or two for 'is country, but 'e mustn't open 'is mouth, accordin' to a parcel o' psalm-smiters, 'oo sit at 'ome w'ile 'e's doin' the job an' livin' an 'ell of a life. Let them wot pick 'im to pieces do a bit theirselves, an' see 'ow they like it. At 'ome or abroad, the soljer 'as to put up with wot would make a six-cylinder saint swear like a trooper in the 'Orse Marines.

[*Exit* PARSON *in constrained silence.*

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A MODERN OMAR.

A German helmet, got—no matter how;
My old mouth-organ, just to make a row;
A Crayol, sent me by my girl—God bless her!
And Blighty seems a little nearer now.

CRAYOL

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

You might equal them by paying more—but why try?

4d. for 10

What's in a name? A good deal when buying cigarettes. Ask for and insist on Crayol cigarettes, and you will be certain of a delightful smoke—cool, sweet, and fragrant.

Those who like a cigarette made of Oriental tobaccos should also try 'Karam' at the same price

7½d. for 20

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FOR

STOMACH AND LIVER DISORDERS

PAINS AFTER EATING
FLATULENCE
ACIDITY
HEADACHES
BILIOUSNESS
CONSTIPATION

More suffering afflicts men and women through the faulty action of the stomach, liver and bowels than from any other cause. The body loses energy and tone when the food we take does not nourish us fully, and it *cannot* nourish us fully when the stomach and liver are unable to do their digestive duty. The appetite soon declines, and there is often pain before and after eating. Disagreeable flatulence and waterbrash, prostrating headaches, biliousness, and costiveness of the bowels are among other afflictions which are likely to follow.

If you are feeling out of sorts and lack the vigour and vitality you once possessed, it may be that your stomach and liver have lost tone and strength. As a consequence, indigestion is robbing you of the nourishment you should derive from the food you eat. Let Mother Seigel's Syrup help you to get well. By its gentle but certain tonic action, it puts the stomach, liver and bowels in a state of healthy activity; and those who take it derive, as a result of digesting their food perfectly, fresh stores of strength and vitality. Test it to-day!

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The ... is on page 19.

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TOMMY'S AND JACK'S PAGE.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE SOLDIER AND SAILOR.

Driven to His Death.

The other day a gallant Major took poison in a London hotel and ended his troubles. He was one of the many victims of unfair "secret reports" whose cases we placed before Mr. Tennant. The poor officer whose career has now closed in so sad a manner raised the regiment of which he became second in command, but somebody in authority wished to get rid of him so that a friend might take his place. The Major did all he could to get redress, and we helped him, but as he had only a temporary commission he could not claim a Board of Investigation. He then obtained a position in the Royal Arsenal, but the big-wigs of the War Office got on his track and acted as detectives do towards discharged criminals. The poor fellow took poison, driven to his end, a victim of as grossly unfair a system as could be conceived—a gallant English gentleman and a brave officer.

Straffing the Wounded.

The other evening a waitress in the Winter Gardens at Blackpool foolishly supplied a wounded soldier with a glass of beer, for which she was fined 40s. This may have been fair enough, according to law, but we consider it decidedly unjust for the hospital authorities to place the Gardens out of bounds for all the patients as a result of this single lapse. We hope, in the interests of our sick and wounded soldiers, that the order will be cancelled. We must trust the men.

Where We Lead.

When we established "Tommy's and Jack's Page" at the outbreak of the war, a feature was the column containing particulars regarding missing men. Thanks to the widespread circulation of JOHN BULL at the bases, among the billets, and in the trenches in France and Flanders, we have succeeded in locating considerably over 1,000 of those hitherto regarded as lost, and have been enabled to send comforting tidings to friends who had vainly applied for news in official quarters. We notice that several journals have now started to follow our lead, one asking for 3s. a line for such notices. JOHN BULL charges nothing, finding ample reward in the letters of thanks it receives.

Robbing the Soldier.

According to the Pay Warrant, a man who contracts disease at the front and is thereby incapacitated is entitled to a pension. The same Regulations lay down that if a soldier dies within seven years of disease contracted on active service or of wounds, his widow is entitled to a pension. These just provisions appear, however, to have been torn up since the present war commenced. Week after week we receive complaints from men to whom pensions are due according to the printed word, but are refused them; and week after week we have letters from widows who are in the same position. Thus we rob our deserving servants to help the Treasury.

Regulation Tyranny.

It is grossly unfair for Commanding Officers to punish severely men who return late to camp from leave, when it is proved that the tardiness is caused by dislocation of railway traffic. Some C.Os. even refuse to recognise letters of explanation given to the soldiers by Station Masters. The victims have the remedy in their own hands. They should refuse the Colonel's sentence and claim Court Martial, thus having their cases investigated by independent officers.

A 4s. 8d. Empire.

When recruiting was optional, the mouthpieces of the Government promised our civilians that if they were disabled they would never know another day's want. Readers of our "Greatest of These——" page will, however, have observed with pain that many of our heroes, incapacitated for life, are granted a weekly pension of 4s. 8d.—less than the sum that would keep an habitual smoker in tobacco—and yet most of those poor fellows, though unable to undertake employment, have families to keep! The proper body to deal with this national disgrace is the House of Commons, but the members there, with few exceptions, do not care a Tinker's curse for the broken soldier. They are mere marionettes, dancing as the strings are pulled by their Party chiefs, who, in turn, do not bestow a moment's thought on the bitter plight of the scarred hero. But this shocking state of things must be changed, and to this end we will spare no exertion.

Sufferings at Salonika.

We receive many complaints from men who have been moved up country from Salonika. This is the latest: Recently, a unit found itself without bread or biscuit for over a day. They were told by their company quartermaster-sergeants to eat their emergency biscuits—which had previously been condemned and thrown away! Afterwards some eatables arrived, and the men cheered—but pulled long faces when it was realised that they were to be sold in the canteen, and longer still when they saw the bulk of the stuff purchased by their officers for their own use.

The Lost Legion.

The men of the Army Cyclist Corps at Chisledon Camp are thankful to us for our recent efforts on their behalf; and they now point out that until we brought their case forward, they had been forgotten by the War Office. They number about 4,000 men, their service ranging from two years to twelve months; and if what we hear from the Front is correct, their presence would be welcomed in some of the districts of Flanders.

Oh, Listen to the Band!

We have commented upon the abolition of bands, and pointed out that troops while on the route have much more marching power when they step to music. We would now ask, is it a fact that one of the military bands has accepted a three months' engagement at Brighton Palace Pier, and been relieved from all duties for that period? We are a strange people!

Penance at Pennington.

Pennington Camp appears to be grossly mismanaged, the men being more than half starved. The matter seems to be in nobody's charge, and all round the whole place is rotten. In one unit at least there is only one plate to each four men. Goodness knows how they get through dinner when that luxury is really forthcoming!

England's Last Stand.

We found him in a camp in Wales the other day. He may well call himself "England's Last Stand," and were he enlisted in the German Army his case would set our papers on fire. The poor fellow in question has a double hernia, and one eye is defective. His left arm is more or less useless, his heart isn't up to much, and he tops the scale at about 7 st. 2 lb. only. He cannot get release from the Army on his own complaint of being "no damned good." It is beginning to strike us that the Army, as exemplified by recruiting Medical Officers, is like the pet jackdaw—as it bags anything that comes its way and then drops it down a hole in the kitchen floor—heaven knows why. Can anybody in civilian or military life enlighten us?

Rattle his Bones!

We have several times commented upon that horrible camp at Kinmel. A few days ago a Loos hero, Pte. Joseph Bennett, died there. His remains were hurried away on a motor-lorry and were interred without being honoured by any firing-party or band—there was not even a bugler at the graveside to sound the "Last Post"; whilst in lieu of the Union Jack for which he had laid down his life, the coffin was covered with an old blanket. And this was one of the men whose deeds made us thrill!

Jack's Leave.

When the sailor has done two years abroad, or has been buffeted about on the North Sea rollers for months, he dearly loves a day or two ashore to see his wife and kiddies and friends. The Portsmouth men send us what we consider a very legitimate complaint. Before leaving their ships for the depot, they are informed by their commanding officers that they will have a certain period of leave by order of the Admiralty. What happens in practice is that they get only an occasional night's leave. There is, naturally, considerable dissatisfaction among the men—particularly the married ones who belong to the port—and we believe we have only to give this hint to Mr. Balfour to have the grievance redressed.

A Plea for Justice.

Within the last two years the Admiralty has twice raised the price of the bluejackets' clothing. It would be only an act of justice if they would treat his pay in a similar manner.

Thanks to JOHN BULL.

We have received a letter of thanks on behalf of the mine-sweepers of Lowestoft for having brought about the betterment of their conditions. We are always glad to get such communications—which, by the way, are many and are increasing. It pleases us to have been of help to the fine fellows who are engaged in the most dangerous of all naval work, and we regret to learn that the "sweeper" who brought the grievances to our notice has since been blown up while on service.

MISSING MEN.

We would welcome news of the following:

Pte. H. Musther, 15414, Yorkshire Rgt. Pte. S. A. Ward, 21854, Middlx. Rgt., probably attd. Manchester Rgt.; Sgt. G. W. Dews, 809, D Co., Northd. Fus.; Pte. W. G. Wray, 24903, East Lancs. Rgt.; Pte. H. Watson, 24887, East Lancs. Rgt.; John Campbell, s.s. *Zero*. Pte. G. Hastings, 14827, Sherwood Foresters, Machine Gun Section; Pte. L. Parson, 12379, D Co., Suffolk Rgt.; Pte. James M. Young. 3496, A Co. [illegible] Pte. Chas. Halsey, 4823, Oxon. and Bucks. L.I., No. 3 Platoon; Pte. J. Beaver, 1st Essex Rgt., 18400; Stretcher-Bearer J. Smith, 2781, C Co., 9 Platoon, West Yorks. Rgt.; Pte. D. Geelan, 12242, Gordon Highlanders; G. Bradley, 13/26 7th Inf. Bgde., A.I.F.; Sgt. S. Acheson, Lewis Gun Detachment, Manchester Rgt.; Pte. A. Hall, 10374, Royal West Kents; Pte. A. Hastings, 1/2nd Co. L.R.F., C Co., 12th Platoon; Pte. E. Pearce, 2998, Machine Gun Section, Gloucesters.

SIR WM. CROOKES' WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

HEADACHES AND NERVE TROUBLES RELIEVED BY THE USE OF A NEW OPTICAL LENS.

Fortunately for humanity, Science never stands still. Sir Wm. Crookes, one of England's Greatest Scientists (whose 83rd birthday was recently celebrated), has conferred a blessing on mankind. His great discovery of a special Optical Glass is the saving of many a headache and nervous breakdown. This wonderful glass (which is now being made to any prescription) preserves the eyes from the most dangerous and injurious rays. This glass is slightly tinted, that it looks almost like ordinary clear glass, it effectually cuts off the ultra-violet rays, and absorbs 47 per cent. of the heat rays. Both are unnecessary, and in fact harmful to the vision.

This special glass does not alter colour values, but allows close matching of coloured fabrics. It is the most perfect for optical work. It takes and retains an excellent polish, and can be made to suit all sights, and to any prescription, for out or indoor use. Crookes's Lenses are indisputably the best for reading, or close work under artificial light. They give a restful and soothing feeling, unobtainable by the use of ordinary lenses. If you suffer from eye-strain, dizziness, headache, nervousness, spots floating before the eyes, pains above eyes and back of head, or if you cannot stand the glare of strong light, either in or out of doors, take our advice and order a pair of these wonderful glasses. They will prove a revelation, and give a new lease of life to the eyes.

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HOME TEST AND ILLUSTRATED BOOK SENT FREE.

To those who are unable to call personally an illustrated book recently published, "The Human Eye," together with Home Test Chart, will be gladly sent to any address on application. Send for this free outfit NOW to Bloom's Ltd., Chief Testing Rooms, 259a, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

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"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

Three sons went to the war, and two of them were killed in the same battle during the Big Push. The news of the double calamity so preyed on the father's mind that he died shortly afterwards, leaving his widow in bad financial circumstances. We were glad to do our bit for her.

The father of another soldier who was killed fell ill and died in an infirmary in a few days. We saved him from a pauper's burial.

One of our heroes who went to Mesopotamia is now missing, and in all probability is dead. His uninsured child died last week, and here again we helped.

A 4s. 8d. a week pensioner has three little children and a delicate wife. All the money that comes into his house is the disgraceful pittance granted to the broken soldier by the greatest nation in the world. He was under notice to quit his home, but we saved him from eviction, though we fear that we have only helped to stave off the hour when he will be compelled to enter the workhouse with his family.

A soldier who cannot work was discharged, with heart disease, on the same miserable pension. He was a fine Guardsman until the hardships of the field destroyed him physically. His wife is dying, and he has four children to keep. We helped him as far as was possible.

Another soldier who was discharged with acute rheumatism after 113 days' service, called upon us. His discharge character papers are marked "Excellent," but this did not bring him a pension. He is living in that refuge of the poor, the Rowton House, and we provided him with money to carry on with for the present.

Another man made physically unfit while on Home Service was discharged, and was starving until he came to us.

A soldier's wife has just passed through a grievous illness. She has the burden of a delicate child and a brother who is dying of consumption. A heartless landlord was holding the threat of eviction over her head, so we came to the rescue.

This from an ex-soldier: "I am a wounded soldier, partly paralysed and quite unable to work. I get a pension of 4s. 8d. a week. I have a wife and two children, both of them very ill with German measles and pneumonia. Could you give me the money to start me to get something by hawking?" We sent the poor fellow more than sufficient to purchase stock and enable him to become a kerbstone merchant or hawk his wares around public-houses—to the disgrace of the Empire.

A soldier's wife received an allowance of 17s. 6d. for herself and her son. The latter had to enter a Union Hospital, where he remained for ten months until death relieved him from his sufferings through consumption. During the poor boy's stay in the hospital the Guardians grabbed 5s. weekly from the unfortunate woman's little allowance. The poor creature's one horror was the idea of a pauper's funeral for her boy, to prevent which we gladly gave her a helping hand.

Another sad case was that of a soldier's wife who, with her child, had to enter an infirmary. Here, however, the authorities nobbled all the weekly allowance. Naturally the woman could not pay her rent, and it can easily be believed that she was in sore straits. Her husband got leave from his Colonel to visit her, and when he presented proofs of his statements to us we sent him away in a happier frame of mind.

The usual assaults were made upon our Fund last week by professional begging-letter writers, and, we are sorry to say, discharged soldiers who refuse employment, preferring to live on charity. All these attacks were "victoriously repulsed." "God helps those who help themselves"—when able; and so does JOHN BULL. "The bearing of this observation lays in the application of it," as Captain Cuttle said.

We had brought to our notice the case of a naval man who, like so many of his mates, has been sent ashore as the result of rigours experienced in the North Sea. We were very glad to send assistance to the poor chap, and to know that the Rev. Forbes Phillips, the Vicar of Gorleston, intends to be his friend, and will thankfully receive monetary help for him.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WON'T *YOU* HELP?

"Shirley Brown," 2s.; M. M., 1s.; L. R. (Forest Hill), 1s.; Anon, 1s.; F. M. W., parcel; H. E. M. (Reading), £2; "A Grateful Reader," 1s.; "The Idiot," 5s.; A. W. M., 2s.; "A Sparker," 10s.; W. C., 3s.; B. H. P. (Ipswich), 2s. 6d.; W. H. B. (Worcester), 5s.; C. S. (Foulridge), 5s.; "Crew of H.M.T. *Durraeq*," 9s.; "Because of a Blessing," 5s.; L. B. B., 5s.; F. M., 1s.; Mrs. L. D., 1s.; F. C. B. (Stroud Green), 1s.; M. W., 1s. 6d.; "Mother of Five," 6d.; "Oxford," 1s.; "An Old Reader," 2s.; "Submarine," 5s.; A. B., 6d.; H. R. H., 1s.; "Royal Marine's Little Lass," 2s.; "34185's Girl," 1s.; "A Friend," 10s.; "Every Little Makes a Muckle," 6d.; Mrs. H. A. S., £1; "Saunders Standing Canvas Camps," 5s. 6d.; Capt. A. W. H., 2s. 6d.; D. Mc., 2s.; Miss C. B., 1s.; W. M., 1s.; Mrs R. F., 1s.; A. E. S., 1s. 6d.; "Rue Gustave Flaubert," 1s. 10d.; E. S., 1s.; E. E., 2s. 6d.; Lieut. F. A. P., £1; "A Worried Mother," 1s.; C. H. FitzC., 5 francs; P. W., 6d.; H. M., 6d.; A. G. K., 6d.; E. S. B., 6d.; J. B., 1s.; W. R., 4s.; E. T., 3s.; "Unfit," 1s.; G. W. M., 2s. 10d.; "Weekly Collection (per C. P. S., Woolwich Arsenal)," 6s. 6d.; A. H., 5s. and clothing; T. B. M., 1s.; A. F., 2s.; J. M. (s.s. *Munamar*), 2s. 6d.; K. P., 2s.; W. E. S., 2s. 6d.; J. Klemantaski (Harbin, Manchuria), £2; G. L., 1s.; "Scent Bags," 3s. 6d.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; Pte. T. L. Y., 2s.; J. H., 10s.; R. R. C., 1s.; "A Sailor's Mother," 1s. 6d.; G. R. C., 2s. 6d.; N. B., 1s. Mr. T. Cook, the winner of the first prize in our 200th "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £5.

COLLECTING BOXES.

LEICESTER.—Mr. P. Bedford, Upper Kent Street, 4s. 10½d.; Mr. W. Bolton, 256, Humberstone Road, 3s. 4d.; Mr. A. Dudgeon, 40, Hinckley Road, 1s. 7½d.

READING.—Mr. W. G. Hedington, 26, Friar Street, 5s.

STRETFORD.—Mrs. Dr. Blayney, Apsley House, 2s. 10d.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS.—Mr. W. Whitewick, "Bell Temperance Hotel," 3, Cornhill, 4s. 5½d.

LONDON. — Councillor E. Franklin, "Queen's Head," 48, Broad Street, Albert Embankment, 3s.; Mr. W. F. Lygo, "Cock and Bottle," 13, China Walk, Lambeth Road, 6s.; Mr. F. Huggins, "Brunswick Arms," Stamford Street, 3s.; Messrs. Cohen and Co., 446, Strand, 2s. 8½d.

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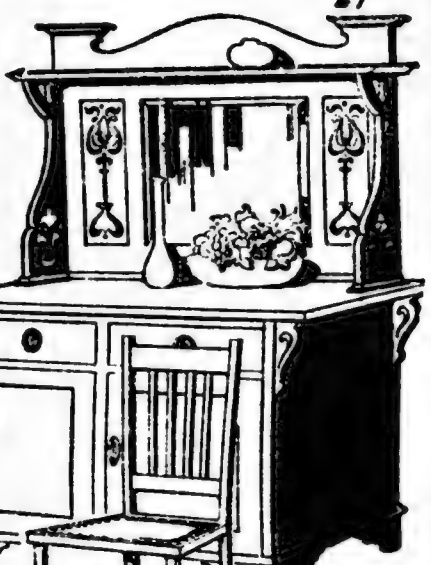

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"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

"COUNTRYMAN" (Ockley).—An old lady living "in the wilds" thinks we must be "really good, or we could not write such articles." Blessings on the old soul—and we will be as good as we can.

J. B. C. (Hull).—Before we formulate Terms of Peace, we had better put ourselves in a position to exact them.

G. A. W. (London).—We admire bishops as a body probably even less than they admire us.

"READER" (London).—The Allies will win the war all right, always providing the Government let them do it.

R. H. E. (late 2nd Welsh).—We have heard that horrible mutilation story before. That and other things simply prove that the Germhuns are the foulest fiends out of Hell.

S. L. S. (London, N.W.).—Probably the man who threw JOHN BULL out of the carriage window had received a few cuts of our lash. You scored, in any case.

W. L. (Salonica).—Never mind what Mr. Sydney Dark writes about us. Some time ago he contributed an article to our columns in defence of the amateur! Good luck to all the boys your way!

"GOOD SOLDIER" (Brocton).—Custard and jelly for Germhun prisoners, while our boys are starved in Germhuny! No wonder you *cussed hard* when you heard of it.

"THE DESERT" (Egypt).—"What is a gentleman? Is it not one Serving his country and bearing a gun; Taking his place with the rank and file Out in the desert or up on the Nile?" Yes; there is no truer gentleman than T. Atkins, Esq.

W. C. (Hounslow).—New and sticky fly-catchers are on sale, said to be U.S. patent, but "made in Germany." Well, the Germans can't expect much trade in them, for they now know there are no flies on Britain.

"ANTI-EVERYTHING" (Cavan).—We are obliged for your very sensible and civil letter. It reminds us of others received lately from Ireland, because it is so different.

L. M. B. (Winnipeg).—So Pastor Russell was refused admission to preach in Canada because the immigration authorities considered his speeches as anti-recruiting. Thanks for the news—and for good wishes.

"TROOP-CPL." (Dublin).—On April 29th a copy of this journal was found in Liberty Hall, and you bet there wasn't one in the Viceregal Lodge. It is a neat fancy, so we will not ask where was your w(h)im born.

"CONSTANT READER" (S. G. Hosp., B'ham).—That dreadful disease, infantile paralysis, is just the plague uninterned Huns would delight to bring upon us, if they could.

"NO GUNS" (London) suggests that before British mariners "swear an oath to kill every Germhun on sight as a reprisal for the Fryatt atrocity" they should induce the Government to let 'em have some guns. So be it.

GUNNER E. T. (St. J. Hosp.)—Previously noticed in the *Daily Dispach* the printer's blunder—viz., "The longest lies of communication in the history of warfare. Press Association Special." Rough on the P. A.! Must have been thinking of the "German Official."

E. B. (Margate).—The position of anti-aircraft guns is a technical question which must necessarily be left to experts.

G. H. (Clacton).—"Sir, the magnitude of Germhuny's aggressive war is so kaleidoscopic in its ramifications——" If you had said it was so infernoscopic in its damnifications you would have backed a winner.

A. J. (Lee).—"The dirty black rag of a flag, Will be torn from the War Lord's command, And the Bull dog will tear it in twain, When his teeth meet in Willie's domain." As prophecy this may be good, madame, but as poetry it is horrible.

"DISABLED" (Shoreditch).—"The dependents, how will they fare? The women and children, no breadwinner there. Will they be forgotten? It has happened before, or will they be remembered after the war?" All the poets seem to be coming out of the dark at once.

"ANON (TWO STARS)."—"Sir, persuade the Government to make without delay a thorough search in *every* monastery within reach of the coast for a subterranean passage reaching nearly to France." If Mr. Asquith isn't too busy——.

E. B. B. (Brighton).—Naturalised British citizens, of military age and medically fit, are now liable to serve in the British Army.

R. S. (Chard).—Bridgwater, feeling neglected by the Liquor Control Board, made its own Closing Orders, Bumbledom even prohibiting hotel guests being served after 9 p.m. No wonder 15 commercial travellers promptly skipped to Weston-super-Mare. Fanaticism ruins business.

"FIVE NURSES" (London).—Fever-trained nurses suffer because there is nearly always placed over them a Sister who has not been fever-trained, and who gets bigger salary though not competent in such cases. You have a genuine grievance.

S. (Pulborough).—Learned societies, led by the Royal Society, that retain Huns as honorary members, deserve to forfeit their Charters. We are suspicious of the attitude of scientists and others with initials after their names; it is far too friendly.

F. M. B. (Bromley).—Ladies employed at the War Office who use Government stationery, typewriters, duty hours, and stamps, for their own private letters, are robbing the public.

F. J. B. (Barrow-in-Furness).—Don't ask us to recommend any matrimonial agency. Find your own girl.

F. L. (Crewe).—So long ago as 1911 you wrote to Lord Haldane that Germans were buying up too many horses in this country. All you got was a simple acknowledgment from Haldane's Private Secretary at the War Office, Mr. Bovenschen!

"AN IRISH VOLUNTEER" (Castleton House Hospital).—Lincolnshire farm labourers said "No Irish need apply" for work at 7s. 6d. a day while their sons and brothers are fighting for 1s. a day. Our little picture illustrating this brings a manly letter from you, and we accept your protest. It also brings a scurrilous letter from "Irish and Proud of It" (Dublin), which we disregard.

C. F. B. (Manchester).—Amused to hear of that quaint Manchester newspaper supplying notepaper to Tommy and calling itself his friend. Tommy needs no such "friend"—or "Guardian."

W. B. P. (Pall Mall).—"The Empire belongs to the people, not to the Government: every living soul has shares in it, and if those shares are to be made valuable and the people contented, it is for them to appoint fit men to sit upon the Board of Management at Westminster." Our sentiments to a T.

F. B. (Sheffield).—Many of the Huns interned with us are having the time of their lives; but you do not quite mean it when you say you "have great pleasure" in telling us so.

E. H. C. VAN W. (Singapore).—"The well-thinking, educated Hollanders are, of course, pro-Ally." We are glad to hear it, and happy to believe it.

T. E. (Bargoed).—So you are known in your district as "the local Bottomley." We raise our hat to our other self.

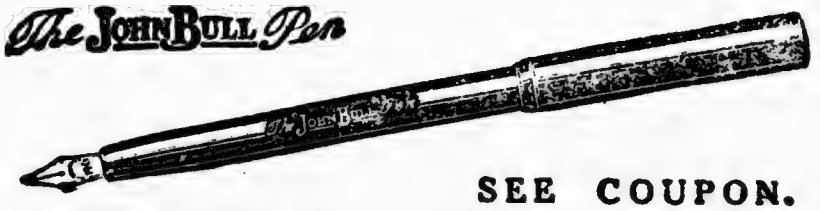
H. M. V. (Maidenhead).—There is nothing unusual in Government Departments, whose letters are really franked On H.M.S., amusing themselves by affixing postage stamps. But, as the Treasury gets the money, we suppose it doesn't very much matter.

W. H. D. (Bombay).—Your idea to tax sham jewellery is an excellent one You will notice we have dealt with it.

"A SOLDIER'S WIFE" (North Shields).—"I was in a German pork shop. In walked a soldier, for a lb. of sausages. I thought this rather funny." Yes—but why were *you* in it?

F. A. H. (Nunhead) has a patent aerial range-finder which the War Office won't appreciate. Perhaps this is because the main defect of all the aerial range-finders the War Office do appreciate is that they do not find the range.

The JOHN BULL Pen



SEE COUPON.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. (*Sept. 2nd, 1916.*)

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

"SHEFFIELDER."—Capt. Rand's luck was cut when he sent his lucky stone book to a man "gone 5 years ago." He calls his a "Wonderful Story." We call it an ordinary lie.

A. S. (London, N.W.).—The most correct English, you think, is spoken in Carmarthen. By a Scotsman, we suppose.

K. B. (Heaton Norris).—If soldiers were drilling in Lord Harlech's grounds at Oswestry, we can't see that you were doing any harm in peeping through the gateway.

"SAPPER" (Blackpool).—Your verses convince us that a good soldier may be a bad poet.

W. T. C. (Stratton).—After all, there was not very much wrong with the *North Wilts Herald's* latest stop-press news, "Fine Progress. Continuation of the Pig Push."

"JACK AND BEANSTALK" (London).—"I cannot see as regards myself in helping you to try to overpower the enemy yet." You must have got 'em again.

"CURIOUS" (Southend). — Cannot say whether it is "a glaring case of favouritism" or otherwise, though things are sometimes what they seem.

C. M. B. (No. 2 Camp).—Hope you will live, as you want to, "to cook yr own grub over yr own fire, on yr own ground, in yr own country, under yr own sky, with yr own sun." Also hope you are some cook.

E. M. (London).—In Erith churchyard: "Wm. Octavius Carpenter, of Philpot Lane, City of London, who died Oct. 23rd, 1860. Age 57 years. Here lies poor Bill, With all his faults and failings." Poor Bill!

"ANXIOUS" (S.E.) and OTHERS.—We cannot recommend *any* "Cinema College"—as a matter of fact, we believe there is practically no opening for pupils of such places.

A. H. D. (Oakridge).—No offer for verses. We grow our own poets on the premises.

E. B. (South London).—A German does voluntary work in Woolwich Arsenal, morning and evening. You wonder whether the Arsenal Committee know about him; if they do not, they are much to blame; if they do, well—*ditto*.

"SAPPER."—Sidney Smith, Pawnbroker, Gosport, charged you for "Postage, registration, and box, 6d.," and "Our charge for packing and forwarding, 6d.," before he would return your ring. He did not forget much.

E. S.—An Englishwoman, keeping a small general shop in Marylebone, is compelled to close one half-day weekly, and as a result is facing ruin. Just round the corner, an alien keeps open every day. Marylebone police, please note.

"JOCK" (Glasgow).—The par. about a "Giddy Grandmother" was never intended to hurt anybody's feelings. You must let us smile sometimes.

Miss A. L. (Shepherd's Bush).—Treatment of yourself and others fruit-picking at Walpole St. Andrews was "kindness itself," the farmer and family behaving as if you were of their own. Our compliments to farmer and family. We are afraid, however, that your case was the exception rather than the rule.

"ONE WHO FIGHTS LIKE A MAN."—Four pages of low abuse, during which you accuse us of "utterly Hunnish and un-British sentiments." You "fight like a man" who is ashamed of his name and address.

E. J. Q. (Southville).—Of course, if women *will* be so foolish as to give sixpences to the touts of the Provident Legal Accident Society, Euston Road, N.W., H. Leslie, Secretary, they must do so.

THE MANAGING DIRECTOR OF THE *Era* tells us that his journal ceased to publish the advertisements of Graham and Co. immediately after we had exposed them. Glad to hear it. Now then, *Stage!*

"HARRY L." (B.E.F.).—Soldiers serving in France are allowed to send British postage stamps in payment of "Bullets" entry-fees, and may fill in their coupons in pencil.

LONELY SOLDIERS' GUILD.—We shall be glad to have the present address of this fund. Perhaps some reader can oblige?

"TOMMY IN THE FIELD."—"The thin red line" was a phrase coined by Kinglake when writing of the Crimean War.

"NEW READER" (Wimbledon).—The Germhun wife of a natural-born British subject is regarded as British.

L. B. (Gillingham).—Waste no 10s. on any professor of astrology. Put the money in war savings—or our Soldiers' Fund.

P. H. H. (Ilfracombe.)—Shocked to hear that you are "the victim of a vengeance," but we cannot quite catch your drift. Try again with nicer ink.

MISS F. S. L. (S. Devon).—Have frequently warned readers against the Cavendish Association, Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square. Complaints have been so many that we don't advise anybody to send fees in advance to "paying guest" agencies.

"A CONSTANT READER."—If that factory in Peckham shows too much light on Zeppelin nights, you must wake up the police or consult some intelligent "Special."

A. W. (Canterbury).—Note your opinion that any idea of a German tunnel from Kent is "all nonsense." The Coal Companies are entirely in British hands, and Mr. le Queux is invited to go and see for himself.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

An Open Secret.

Everyone who has had a suit cleaned and pressed in the wonderful "Achille Serre Way" knows what a marvellous transformation is effected. It seems like magic, but really it is quite simple—our special process of cleaning removes all dirt and stains and our tailor-pressing restores the original shapeliness of the garments.

Send *your* suit with P.O. for 3s. 9d. (plus less than 10 per cent. War Increase) or write asking us to collect.

Achille Serre Ltd.

Head Office: Hackney Wick, London.

(East 3710—4 lines.)

Branches and Agencies Everywhere.

D134

When buying Dog, Poultry and Cage Bird FOODS —be careful of fancy names.

Some foods you *think* are SPRATT'S are *not* SPRATT'S at all. Always look for the name

SPRATT'S

and the TRADE MARK X

SPRATT'S PATENT, LTD., 24-25 [illegible] m, E.C.

S44

Nerves

"Jumpy" nerves are *ill-nourished* nerves—and to "feed" those nerves there is nothing in the world to equal a short course of Hall's Wine.

"My nerves were in a shocking state, but I have greatly benefited from only half a bottle of Hall's Wine. I could hardly have believed it possible."—(Letter on File.)

Hall's Wine never fails to build up the *entire system* —nerves included—as a trial quickly proves.

Hall's Wine

THE SUPREME RESTORATIVE.

GUARANTEE.—Buy a bottle to-day. If, after taking half of it, you feel no real benefit, simply return us the half-empty bottle, and we refund your outlay.

Large size, 3/6 *Of all Licensed Grocers, etc.*

Stephen Smith & Co., Ltd., Bow, London.

610

BULLETS—THE ONLY COMPETITION

WHICH AWARDS £1,000 IN PRIZES EVERY WEEK.

2ND Prize £25

FIRST PRIZE £250

3RD Prize £10

10 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5

25 PRIZES OF 10/-

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

2,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES

2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

10 WEEK-END PRIZES OF £2:10/-

Two more coupons for this week's Competition will be found on the opposite page.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 7th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(204) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and condit ons announced below.

Signed.....

Address.....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 204, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C
Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 7th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(204) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below

Signed.....

Address.....

If two coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 205. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **205** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 205,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 205.

SOMME FIGHTING
THE KAISER'S APPEAL
THINKING FURIOUSLY
WHEN WOMAN HELPS
WORKING WONDERS
THE WRONG MAN
MOTHER'S COOKING
A THICK HEAD
SHORT SKIRTS
TEASING THE CAT
WITHOUT TOMMY
NOT ENOUGH GO
SOUR GRAPES
SPOILING THE HUNS
PUSHING ON
NOT WORTH THE TROUBLE
SEASIDE SWEETHEART
BEYOND CONTROL
WORTH FIGHTING FOR
GERMAN TRENCHES

BULLETS RULES 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2 Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 204.

THE ALLIES
WHEN BRITAIN STRIKES
MAKES KAISER TREMBLE
NURSING TROUBLE
SCREENING THE CABINET
MIXING THINGS UP
SPOILT
ARMY NEEDS
WHEN DOCTORS DIFFER
MOTHER'S HOLIDAY
WHY FOOD IS DEAR
DONKEY WORK
MAKES TOMMY SWEAR
LOOKING GLUM
REPEATING THE DOSE
TOMMY'S PENSION
IN A MESS
MEAT PIE
MAKES FATHER WORK
HARD PRESSED
WHEN WOMAN PREACHES
DANGEROUS PROPOSAL
BY THE SEA
WITHOUT FOUNDATION
TALKING MACHINE
UGLY CUSTOMER
ALWAYS IN MISCHIEF
HAVING ANOTHER
REAPING THE HARVEST
GERMAN CRAFT

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will guide you :—

Example :—
UGLY CUSTOMER.
Bullet :—
TOWZER WHEN TRAMP CALLS.

Example :—
WITHOUT FOUNDATION.
Bullet :—
GERMAN OFFICIAL NEWS.

Example :—
HARD PRESSED.
Bullet :—
THE SLACKERS.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated Sept. 23rd.

This week's "Bullets" Coupon will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S, dated Sept. 2nd.

RESULT OF 201ST BULLETS COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE of £250:—

Mrs. J. READER,
18, Alverthorpe Road, Wakefield, Yorks.

Example:—IN PARLIAMENT.
Bullet:—PITY "WHIPS" AREN'T "SPURS."

SECOND PRIZE of £25:—

Mr. B. HILLIER, R.M.L.I.,
Forton Brks., C Co., Gosport.

Example:—WAR ECONOMY.
Bullet:—EVERY "YARD" CULTIVATED.

THIRD PRIZE of £10:—

J. CLARKE,
61, Ellesay Road, Pendleton, Manchester.

Example:—UP IN ARMS.
Bullet:—TOMMY IN FATHER'S PANTS.

10 HOLIDAY PRIZES of £5 EACH:—

Mr. ALEX UNDERHILL, 1, St. Paul's Road, Newton Abbot: PUZZLES THE KAISER—FEEDING GUNS AND PEOPLE.

Mr. W. J. MURCHE, 36, Oberstein Road, St. John's Hill, London, S.W.: HEAVY DAMAGES—"PRETTY" SURE TO RECOVER.

Mrs. J. N. OLDHAM, 69, Parkinson St., Burnley, Lancs: THE MORE THE MERRIER—TOMMY'S IDEA, SHARING PARCEL.

Mr. H. PLEYDON, Claypit Lane, West Bromwich: WHEN ZEPPELINS APPEAR—"HIGHEST" ENVY THE "LOWEST."

Mr. H. W. REID, 58, Strathclyde Street, Glasgow: IN PARLIAMENT—THEY "THROW OUT" SUGGESTIONS.

Miss C. W. SMEALL, 109, South Portland Street, Glasgow: FINISHING TOUCH—NO NEUTRAL WILL "APPLY."

Mr. J. A. RUTHERFORD, 4, Rose Mount Terrace, off Tong Road, Armley, Leeds: TOUCH AND GO—AFTER TASTING "NEW BEER."

Mr. W. HOWLETT, 164, Engleheart Road, Catford, S.E.: SEASIDE FLIRTATION—NOT WORTH THE "TROUBLE."

Mr. C. A. WILSON, "Danesford," Palace Avenue, Rhyl: HENPECK'S HOLIDAY—ONLY "BATHED" IN PERSPIRATION.

Mr. T. WOOD, 15, Tagwell Road, Droitwich: WAR ECONOMY—OBJECTIONS BY THE "GROSS."

10 WEEK-END PRIZES of £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. WM. SHAW, 3, Norfolk Street, Runcorn, Cheshire: NOBODY KNOWS—SO GUIDE'S VERSION STANDS.

Mr. J. HEMINGWAY, 179, Sandford Rd., Bradford, Yorks: THE MORE THE MERRIER—ABOVE HAT-BOX—PORTER'S IDEA.

Mr. JOHN FRAYNE, 48, Holland Street, Brighton: DOESN'T ALWAYS PAY—TOBACCONIST "PUFFING" HIS WARES.

Mr. ROBERT MCCAIG, 10, Main Street, Barrhead, Scotland: DOESN'T ALWAYS PAY—EVERYBODY ON SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

Mrs. A. GEORGE, 91, Crawford Av., Sefton Pk., Liverpool: ON EASY TERMS—NEITHER SIDE HOLDS THIAUMONT. (Sent in on a free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. THOMAS J. MANNIX, Market Place, Fermoy, Co. Cork: IN PARLIAMENT—ALL "REAPERS," NO "BINDERS."

Mr. W. EAST, 63, Wakeman Road, Kensal Rise, London: IN PARLIAMENT—ARE SOME GREAT "THINKERS."

Mr. PERCY J. UPSON, 32, Curzon Howe Road, Portsmouth: SEASIDE FLIRTATION—A "FAMILIAR" SIGHT.

Mr. EDWARD BAKER, High Street, Henfield, Sussex: EATING HUMBLE PIE—EVIDENTLY NOT CARSON'S "PROVINCE."

Mr. F. W. HARRINGTON, c.o. 7, Bannford Road, Wolverhampton: THE FINISHING TOUCH—TO MAKE PEACE "LAST."

YOU MAY USE THESE EXTRA COUPONS.

No. **Closing Date, Thursday, September 7th.**

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(204) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed _____

Address _____

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 204, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

No **Closing Date, Thursday, September 7th.**

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(204) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed _____

Address _____

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our insurance is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (*a*) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Sept. 2nd, 1916 .....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you must fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day (*Strike out one of these.*)

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with .....

Newsagent of.....

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

Sept. 2nd, 1916

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

.....

Our jolly Chairman Juniors, ten for three,
Are dashing into favour, as you see.
In frosty Scandinavia
Their sensational behaviour
Astonishes the natives—on the 'ski.'

If you have Chairman Juniors you have really good cigarettes. They are made of pure Virginia tobacco, so blended that they smoke cool to the tongue and have a flavour that pleases nine men in every ten. Quality has not been sacrificed to size—they are just the necessary amount smaller than the original Chairman Cigarettes to permit them to be sold *everywhere* at

3d. for 10.

In Chairman Juniors all the value is in the cigarettes, as there are no coupons or pictures with them. . . And they are made and guaranteed in every particular by

R. J. LEA, Ltd. Manchester.

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